



No. 425.—VOL. XXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK IN ADMIRAL'S UNIFORM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W., SHORTLY BEFORE THE DUKE'S DEPARTURE.

THE CLUBMAN.

Farewell to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York—"Ah, que j'aime les Militaires!"—Mr. Brodrick's Plan—My Plan.

TO us in Great Britain, His Majesty the King's farewell speech to his son on the *Ophir*, and the few simple words of emotional thanks in which the Duke replied, mean a lifting for a moment of the curtain, a glimpse shown to all of us of the great affection which exists between Royal father and son. To Greater Britain, the ceremonies at Portsmouth, the King's yacht leading the *Ophir* out into the dancing grey sea, the escort of honour of the grim destroyers, the thunder of the forts and guardships, the cheers of the thousands on the beach, will convey, as it is intended they should, that the Royal Duke starts with all possible ceremony and with every possible honour to carry to the faithful, gallant Colonies over the seas the thanks, for loyal comradeship shown in times of stress, of the King and the people of Britain. One and all of us echo right heartily the fervent wishes signalled by His Majesty from the *Alberta* to the Duke and Duchess off the Wight last Saturday—"GOD SPEED! SAFE RETURN!"

Mr. Brodrick has placed before the country an admirably thought-out scheme of Army amplification—for Army reform does not describe the proposed alterations—and all military men consider that, hand-tied as the Secretary of State for War is, he is trying to give the public as much as is possible for the money he asks. But the successful solution of the problem, or the breakdown of the scheme, depends not on statesmen, not on our high Army officials, but on the lad in the street and the lad at the plough-tail. Those young fellows in caps with wrappers round their necks who talk to the recruiting-sergeants near the National Gallery, the lads in corduroy out of a job who may be seen in any country market-place, are the young men who will decide whether Mr. Brodrick's able scheme goes smoothly through to success or whether it fails and we are left face to face with some mild form of conscription.

Mr. Brodrick has told us that he cannot go into the labour market and compete with other hirers of stalwart mankind on even terms. To do so would mean a bill for double the amount of pay now estimated for, and he has to trust to the attraction of the red coat, to the abolition, so far as is possible, of what is irksome in a soldier's duties, and to giving him in his barrack-room not only the decencies, but many of the comforts of home-life. No man—not Mr. Brodrick, not the head of the recruiting department, not Lord Roberts—can say what decision "The Man in the Street" will give.

If it is failure, what then? I never met a Military Clubman who had not a scheme for giving us an efficient Army. They range from those of thunderous retired Generals—"Stick every man Tom, Dick, and Harry into the ranks, and make every gentleman carry a sword and drill 'em!"—to gentle schemes by which every citizen should become a complete soldier by exercises in his own back drawing-room.

I, too, have my plan. Revive the Militia ballot, and look chiefly to a thoroughly efficient Militia Army for home defence. Give exemption from the ballot to any men who enlist in the Regular forces or who become efficient Volunteers. Should any man who has risked his chance of the Militia ballot rather than become a Volunteer find himself drawn, and decide that his Militia training will interfere with his ordinary business, let him compound with Government by paying the price at which a good substitute can be procured.

I believe very strongly in making the British soldier as comfortable as possible in his barrack-rooms. Regiments differ very much in the behaviour of the men in their rooms, and in some "difficult" regiments articles of comfort or things pleasant to the eye might be knocked about; but by far the majority of British regiments are not "difficult," and in twenty-one years with the colours my experience was that the men took a vast amount of pride and pleasure in any adornments to their rooms. Door-mats, white and coloured table-cloths for the barrack-tables, curtains for the windows, clocks, were all at various times taken great care of by my company. The door-mats were artistic, with a Roman pattern on them, and I was much amused on the second day after they had been put down to hear a drummer-boy being soundly scolded for stepping on to one instead of over it as he came into the room. There were some oleographs of Royalties, of cavalry charges, and of quite impossible Swiss scenery, which works of art had frames that took to pieces, and these, presented by me to the company one Christmas, travelled in the arm-chest from South Africa to the Straits and China, and from China to India, and, when I said good-bye to the regiment, were still on the walls of the barrack-room.

The controversy between Lord Lansdowne and Lord Wolseley ran off the main track on which it started, and diverged into a loop-line of personal matter, where I will not follow it. The ex-Commander-in-Chief thinks that the responsible head of the Army should be a soldier; the ex-Secretary of State for War points out that the head must be a statesman. One point that Lord Wolseley made deserves very great attention. Whoever may really hold the reins of and the whip, the eyes of the Army should be directed towards the soldier head, not the civilian head. Such a small matter as the addressing of letters on purely military subjects to the Under-Secretary of State instead of to the military heads of the great Army departments may seem of no matter to those who live above prejudice on serene Parliamentary heights, but an assistant clerk from the regimental orderly-room descending on it in the canteen draws some very curious inferences from it.

WILL JAPAN FIGHT RUSSIA?

AN IMPORTANT "SKETCH" INTERVIEW WITH A DISTINGUISHED JAPANESE DIPLOMATIST.

THE publication by the *Times* the other day of the secret convention between China and Russia with respect to Manchuria has cast another apple of discord (a pretty big one) amongst the Powers. There is at least one Power which takes this latest phase in the affairs of the Far East very seriously, and

THAT POWER IS JAPAN.

With a view to the elucidation of the situation, a representative of *The Sketch* called on a distinguished member of the Japanese community in London, himself a Diplomatist of high standing, with a great experience in the politics of the Orient.

After some preliminary conversation, the plain question was asked: "Is there any truth in the rumour that it is probable Japan will fight Russia?"

"You must pardon me if I answer, in somewhat oracular fashion, 'Yes' and 'No.' It is not safe to prophesy—unless one knows," was the smiling reply. "The answer is 'Yes,' if our guide is the present excited state of popular feeling in Japan against Russia, but 'No' if we look at the

PACIFIC CHARACTER OF THE JAPANESE EMPEROR

and of his Prime Minister, the Marquis Ito. The latter wields a great power in Japan, and he will be strongly in favour of peace. No one knows better than he how much Japan would stand to lose in the event of an unfavourable termination to a war. At the same time, Japan is a constitutional country, governed by her Parliament, and the pressure of public opinion may be too much for him, as was the case in the war with China."

"Why is Japanese popular feeling so strong against Russia?"

"That is not far to seek. You will recall the fact that, after our war with China, and the conclusion of a treaty by which we gained possession of

THE LIAOTUNG PENINSULA—

we had already conquered it by force of arms—Russia, supported by France and Germany, stepped in, and compelled us to give it back to China. We naturally resented the action of Russia, so you can imagine what was felt in Japan when, a year or two later, Russia herself calmly took possession of Port Arthur, the great fortress of the Liaotung. And now the whole of Manchuria is Russian! Our direct interest in Manchuria is not considerable, but our indirect interest,

ON ACCOUNT OF KOREA,

is enormous. We went to war with China over Korea, and if we go to war with Russia now it will be because of Korea. Japan is a unit in demanding that Korea must be either genuinely independent of Russia or that it become Japanese."

"There is a treaty in existence between Russia and Japan regarding Korea, is there not?"

"Yes; a treaty establishing the independence of Korea. Now, if we believed that Russia would respect that treaty, there would be little or no trouble. But the history of Russian diplomacy shows conclusively that

RUSSIA HAS ABSOLUTELY NO REGARD FOR HER PLEDGED WORD.

She has broken treaty after treaty in the most shameless fashion; here in England you know that as well as we do. As an example of Russian faithlessness, look at what has just happened. On Feb. 26, Count Lamsdorff, the Tsar's Foreign Minister, solemnly assured

SIR CHARLES SCOTT, THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT ST. PETERSBURG, that Russia had no designs on Manchuria. And the truth is that, as the publication by the *Times* of the text of the secret convention between China and Russia has demonstrated, while he was speaking to Sir Charles he knew of this convention. It had been drafted, most probably by himself, some time before the conversation took place with your Ambassador."

"But that's 'diplomacy.'"

"Diplomacy or not, Japan has good reason to distrust Russia. And

SO LONG AS JAPAN CAN FIGHT HER SHIPS,

she will never allow Russia to interfere with Korea. The war-spirit is abroad in Japan, and it may well be that it will not be denied."

"Would it be a naval war?"

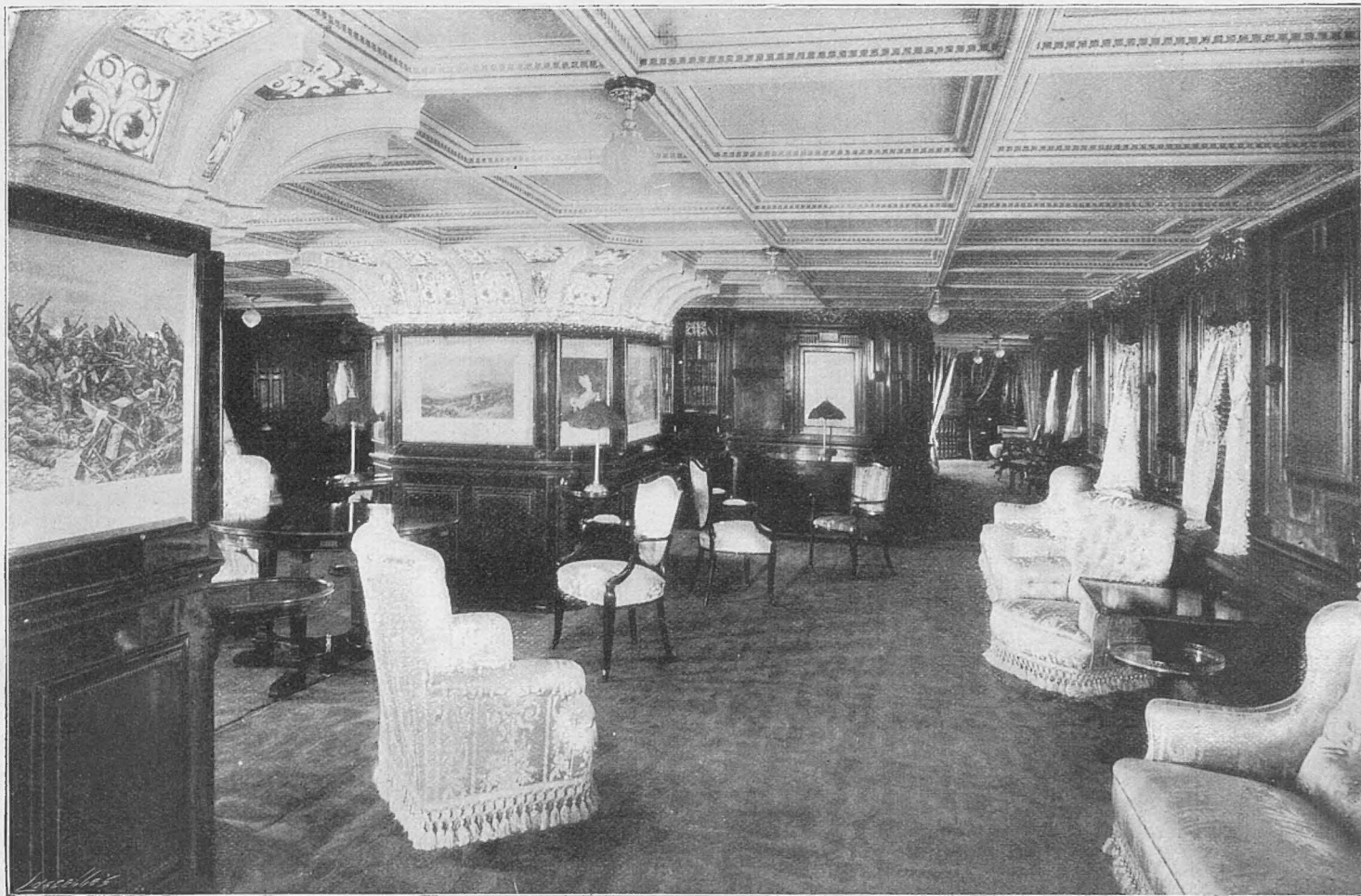
"Undoubtedly. If Japan destroyed the Russian Fleet in the Far East, Russia would be helpless. And that is not at all impossible, for the Japanese Fleet is immensely superior to that of Russia in these waters. On the other hand, if the fortune of war declared itself against Japan, and she lost her ships, then she would be at the mercy of Russia. Many in Japan think that

THERE WILL NEVER BE A BETTER TIME

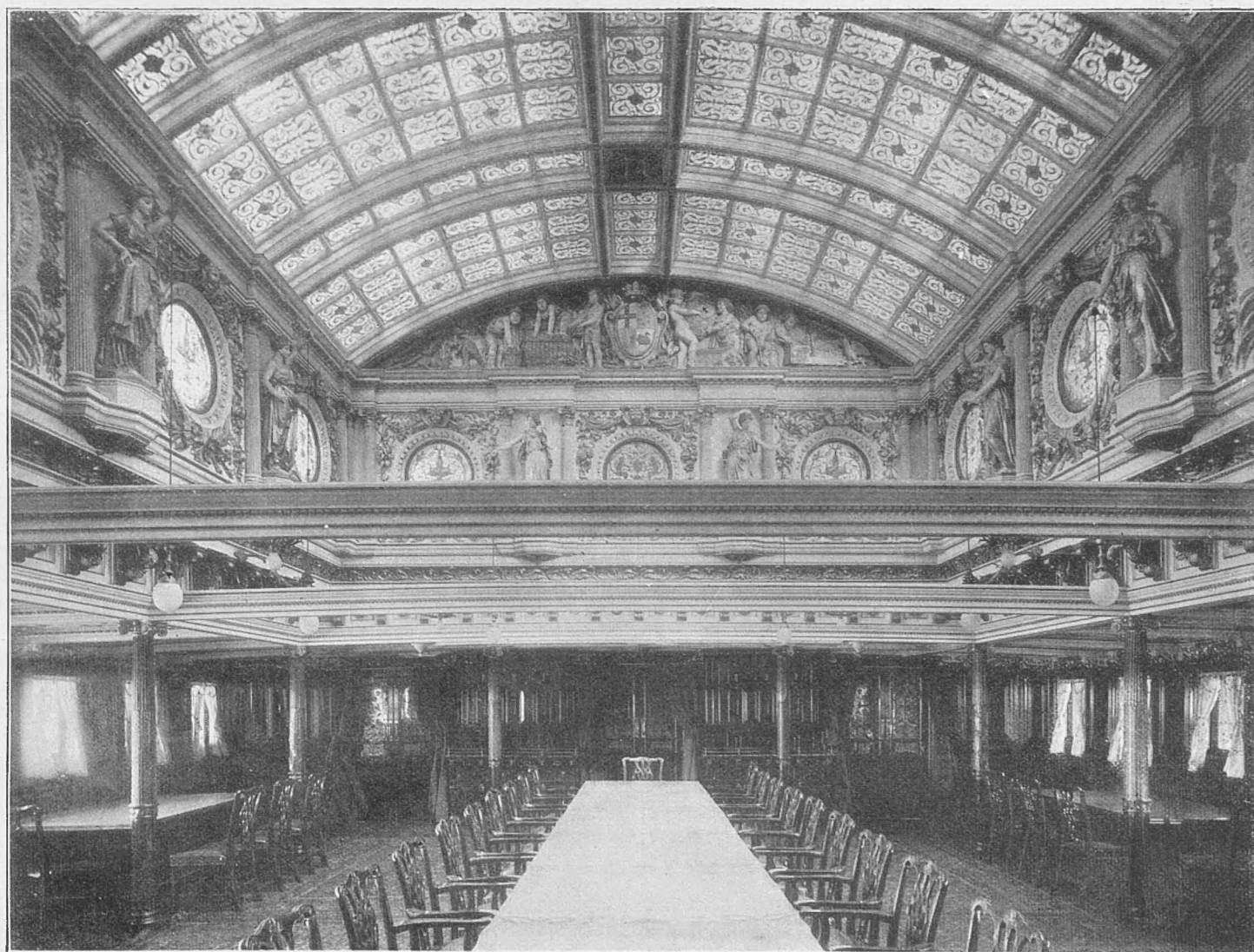
than the present to fight Russia."

"Why?"

"Because of the superiority in the Far East of the Japanese Fleet. Russia has in all more warships than Japan, but she is compelled to keep a large number of these in Europe. Japan is under no such necessity, and if she fights at once would have a great initial advantage. In two or three years, however, her chance will have passed, for Russia is building more ships than Japan. So the Japanese Chauvinists maintain, and with some reason, that now is our opportunity."



ON BOARD H.M.S. "OPHIR": THE ROYAL DRAWING-ROOM.



ON BOARD H.M.S. "OPHIR": THE ROYAL DINING-SALOON.
From Photographs courteously supplied by the Orient Company.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

BY the death of Sir Samuel Browne, V.C., G.C.B., K.C.S.I., at Ryde, Isle of Wight, another link with what now seems a far-distant past has disappeared. He joined the Indian Army in 1840, at the age of sixteen, and a few years after assisted in the final overthrow of the Sikhs at Ramnuggur, Chillianwallah, and Goojerat.



THE LATE GENERAL SIR "SAM" BROWNE, V.C.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

He fought in the North-West Frontier Campaigns of 1852 and 1857, and in the Mutiny won the "V.C." at Seerpoorah for an act of desperate bravery, in which, though successful, he was severely wounded in the leg and lost his left arm. On the occasion of the then Prince of Wales's visit to India, Sir Samuel was on special duty, and afterwards got his "K.C.S.I." His last war-service was in the Afghan Campaign of twenty years ago, for which he received the thanks of Parliament and of the Indian Government and the "K.C.B."

Lord March, the future Duke of Richmond, has set sail for South Africa almost exactly at the time that another future Duke, Lord Tullibardine, starts for "the Front" with the splendidly

equipped Scottish Horse. Lord March is very popular in West Sussex, and some regret is felt at the fact that, should the War prolong itself, he may not be back in time for Goodwood.

Lord de Grey, the new Treasurer of Her Majesty's Household, is perhaps the best shot living, his fame as a sportsman extending far beyond the borders of his native land. He has long been a really intimate friend of the Sovereign, and Queen Alexandra is much attached to his beautiful Countess, Lady de Grey, known before her second marriage as Gladys, Lady Lonsdale. Lord de Grey has another strong claim to his Royal Mistress's regard, for he is the only child of Lady Ripon, who was one of Her Majesty's first Ladies-in-Waiting after she became Princess of Wales. Lord de Grey, who is a many-sided man, is one of the most prominent members of the group who have revived the Opera in all its glory at Covent Garden.

Although Mr. Sidney Greville in nowise recalls the hero of a certain delightful play, he has already been nicknamed by his friends "The Private Secretary." Mr. Greville served an apprenticeship as one of the many private secretaries of the Premier, and Queen Alexandra could not have made a wiser choice, the more so that Lord Warwick's brother is noted for his tact and good-nature.

Commendatore Eduardo de Martino, who, it is understood, will paint a number of pictures of the tour, is a many-sided man. By birth an Italian, he married a Brazilian wife, and served in the Italian Navy. He painted a number of pictures for the late Emperor of Brazil, and, after settling in England some twenty-five years ago, he was appointed Marine Painter in Ordinary to Her late Majesty. His forte is sea-pieces.

Always comfortable by reason of its commodiousness and capital ventilation, the Alhambra sets a good example in these respects to the majority of London places of entertainment, which would reap much more profit were they to study the interests of their customers more than they do. A visit to the Alhambra is ever agreeable for the reasons I have mentioned, and also for the frequent novelties Mr. C. Dundas Slater introduces on the stage. That extremely quaint and amusing comic vocalist, Mr. R. G. Knowles, of "Girlie, Girlie" fame, has recently been moving Alhambra audiences to laughter. The Home of Ballet is revisited by a fascinating Spanish dancer, "La Belle Chavita." There is no reason to expatiate on her charm of style, on the witchery of her every movement, or on her captivating *chic*. As the Alhambra Macaulay himself writes, "She has on her side all the glory of youth and the soft-toned beauty which flowers under the Southern sun."

Mdlle. Yvonne de Saint-André, the very charming young soprano who made so successful a début here a short time ago at the "Pops," has lately been scoring great successes in Paris, and will return to London this month, singing at the *Sunday Special* "At Home," at the Comedy Theatre, on the 29th. Mdlle. de Saint-André is a native of Smyrna, but was brought up in Constantinople. She has a lovely voice, and, having studied for four years under Signor Tramezzani, it has been most exquisitely trained.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Good-bye to the Duke and Duchess—A Hearty Send-Off—Greeting the King and Queen—St. Patrick and the Shamrock—The "Blue" Fever.

ON Friday last we said good-bye to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, who left London for Portsmouth to start on Saturday on their visit to our kith and kin in the new great Commonwealth of Australia, and to draw the silken bonds of Empire closer yet. There was a good crowd all the way from Marlborough House to Victoria Station to see them off, and, as usual on such occasions, the Mall was the best place from which to see the procession. A good many people missed seeing the Duke and Duchess because they took up positions alongside Marlborough House, for the Royal travellers did not leave York House by Marlborough Gate, but went through into the Mall by way of Clarence House.

But in the Mall there was a capital view to be had. At about a quarter to three, a luggage-van, followed by a carriage containing the Duke's servants, drove by, and warned us that we should not have long to wait. It was about five minutes to three that the Royal carriages, drawn by four horses with postilions and outriders, came by, preceded by a few mounted police. The Duchess was, of course, dressed in deep mourning, but the Duke wore his new uniform as a Rear-Admiral. Both looked very well and heartily pleased at the splendid send-off which we gave them. There was a great deal of cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and it was evident that the Duke was none the worse for his attack of the German measles. There was a great crowd all along Buckingham Palace Road, and, long after the train had left, the crowd round the station and Victoria Place showed that something unusual had been taking place. There were no decorations along the road, but, in addition to the flags flying on the flag-poles, little Union Jacks and white Ensigns were hanging out of many of the windows.

Then, about five minutes past three, the mounted police again came in sight, preceding the travelling escort and the carriage-and-four in which rode the King and Queen. The King sat on the right-hand side, in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, and Queen Alexandra sat on his left-hand, dressed in deep mourning. Opposite them sat Princess Victoria, also in black, and Prince Charles of Denmark, who wore the uniform of a Lieutenant in the Navy. There was a great burst of cheering as the carriage came by, and the King and Queen bowed incessantly and seemed most gratified at the enthusiasm of the crowd. I think everyone felt that the Duke and Duchess were off on a voyage which was the business of all of us, and that they are personally conveying the greetings and best wishes of all of us to the new nation which our brothers and our cousins have built up in the Southern Seas, on the other side of the globe. And so we said good-bye with an extra good will and with heartiest wishes for a pleasant journey and a safe return.

Sunday was St. Patrick's Day. It is just a year ago that we were all wearing the shamrock in recognition of what "My brave Irish" had done at Pieter's Hill and elsewhere in South Africa, and the Queen set us the example. This year I wore a bit of real shamrock sent over by the Countess of Limerick's Shamrock League. The plant came packed direct from Limerick, and I hope that all who respected the dead Queen's wishes sent over to Dromore Castle for their shamrock, as all the profits of the sale are going to the fund of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, which is much in need of money.

I saw the first signs of the Blue fever in the Strand on Thursday last, the day on which the Cambridge crew made their first appearance on the Thames at Putney. I am a pretty frequent visitor on the tow-path when the boats are practising, for the race is a fair and square one and each crew may be trusted to do its best from first to last. So far, I should say the race looks absolutely open, and on the 30th of this month there will be something very different from the runaway match of last year. I don't think that there can be much trade in blue badges, however, for I never see anyone wearing them nowadays, and the craze seems to have quite died out.

Lady Russell seems to be taking to the stage in what our American cousins would style "dead earnest." Ladies have often stepped off the stage into the Peerage, but Countess Russell is the first Peeress who has gone on the Music Hall stage. She has an American engagement.

Mr. A. M. Torrance, the new Chairman of the London County Council, is pronounced by *The Sketch* Office Lavater to be a man eminently qualified to fill the post which even the Admirable Crichton of Peers has not disdained to occupy more than once. "If to his lot some minor foibles fall, look in his face and you forget them all," adds Lavater. Well, I am not disposed to dispute the latter proposition. Mr. Torrance was, in a manner, twice blessed. Proposed as Chairman by Mr. John Burns, he was seconded by that urbanest of ex-Lord Chamberlains, Lord Carrington, and elected without opposition. As Mr. Burns aptly remarked, the Chairman enjoys the advantage of experience in the Council, his membership dating from the early days of 1889, and his services comprising good work as Vice-Chairman and as zealous Chairman of many Committees. In commending Mr. Torrance for his characteristic energy, devotion, and capacity, I should add that he sets the example of steady courtesy and impartiality. I only hope he will use his best endeavour to guide the Council into economical paths.

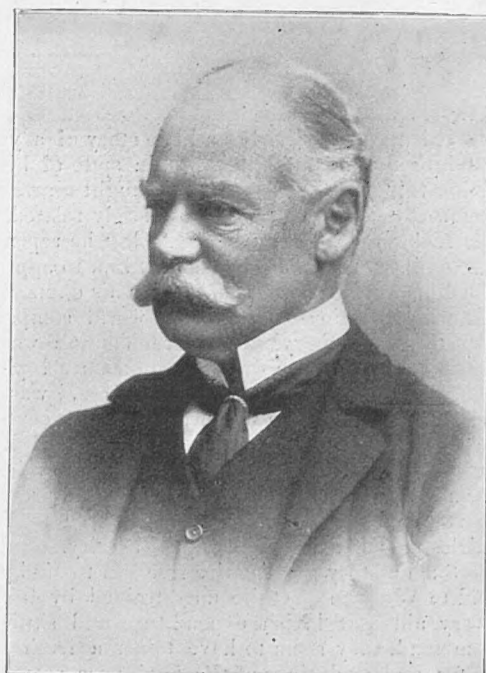
IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



LORD DE GREY,
TREASURER TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



THE HON. SIDNEY R. GREVILLE,
SECRETARY TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
Photo by Bassano Old Bond Street, W.



LORD MARCH,
LEAVING FOR SOUTH AFRICA IN COMMAND OF SUSSEX MILITIA.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



MDLLE. DE SAINT-ANDRÉ,
A SWEET SOPRANO WHO HAS BEEN SINGING AT THE "POPS."
Photo by Sebah and Zonaeiller, Constantinople.



THE COUNTESS RUSSELL,
WHO HAS JUST MADE AN ENGAGEMENT IN AMERICA.
Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



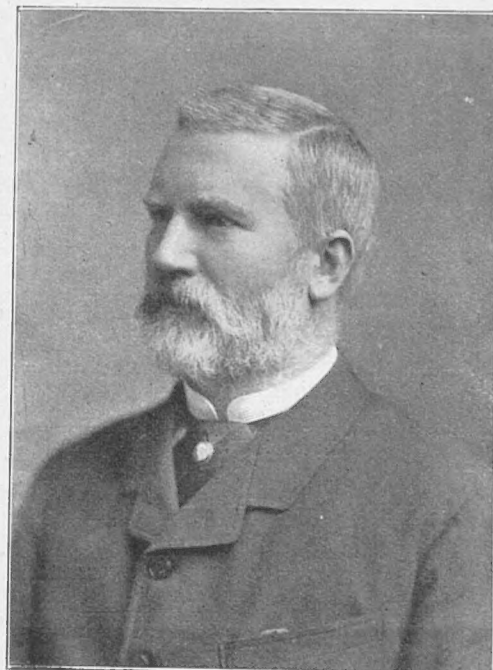
"LA BELLE CHAVITA,"
THE FASCINATING DANCER NOW AT THE ALHAMBRA.
Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.



COMMENDATORE E. DE MARTINO,
WHO IS TO DELINEATE THE ROYAL PROGRESS.
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.



SIR D. MACKENZIE WALLACE,
OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENT DURING THE ROYAL TOUR.
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.



MR. ARTHUR TORRANCE,
CHAIRMAN OF THE NEW LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

"LES PAPILLONS," AT THE EMPIRE.

AFTER giving us a series of up-to-date ballets and showing us Brighton Pier, Fleet Street, Covent Garden, Charing Cross, and other respectable but uninspiring places, the Empire has gone back to Fairyland, its early love, and no words of mine can describe the charm of the change. Since the nights of "Katrina" the well-beloved, I have seen nothing on the Empire stage more alluring than "Les Papillons."

This newest ballet has a little story of a young farmer who would go catching moths and butterflies, in spite of his sweetheart's pity for all living things. One day, Hervé caught a rare moth and impaled it for a time, while Yvonne (doubtless closely related to the butterfly section of the L.C.C.) pleaded in vain. At last he repented, and the released moth turned into a fairy and summoned him to appear at the Court of Vanessa, the Butterfly Queen, to answer for his offence. He could not resist, for the winged legions of the insect world compelled his obedience, and he was taken to Fairyland, where Vanessa was dancing with the glow-worms and flower-elves in an enchanted pleasance. For his crimes against the moths and butterflies, Hervé was condemned to death; but, while the Stag-Beetle was preparing to execute sentence, a little fly-fairy became hopelessly entangled in the web of King Spider. The Queen's attendants having failed in their efforts to release the captive, the young farmer was offered his liberty if he could prevail over the Spider King in mortal combat. He did so, was restored to Yvonne his lover, while the fairies resumed their interrupted revelry.

Such a story gives entire freedom to Madame Lanner, to M. Wenzel, and to Wilhelm. Quite unrestrained by modern convention, and with every aid that lavish expenditure and skilled stage-management can command, they seem to have taken a fresh lease of artistic life. The dances and evolutions of the fairies are entrancing; M. Leopold-Wenzel has given us a score as light, bright, and dainty as Mlle. Genée, who moves so gracefully at its invitation. The costumes are extraordinary marvels of colour and design, while the electric-lighting reaches the highest point of stage achievement.

We see many of our old favourites working together again. Ada Vincent and May Paston are the lovers, Yvonne and Hervé: it is a pleasure to see them again in parts worthy their talents. Adeline Genée, the Butterfly Queen, bids fair to maintain her place as the most popular *première danseuse* the Empire has known; Mlle. Cora dances prettily in one small part, and Mlle. Papucci in another; while Will Bishop's grasshopper is a most amusing creation. I have but one regret, and that comes to me when I think of the long years that have been given to up-to-date ballets from which the fairy element has been of necessity excluded. "Les Papillons" shows us the Empire at its best, save for the arrival of some great dramatic ballet. I hope that fairy spectacle has come to stay.

S. I. B.

THE WAR OFFICE QUARREL.

There was great bitterness in the renewed controversy between Lord Wolseley and Lord Lansdowne last Friday evening. The interest in their quarrel was shown by the attendance of Peeresses, who crowded the galleries.

Lord Wolseley (who rose from the Opposition bench facing the Marquis of Lansdowne) caused sensation by stating that he resigned in January 1900. This was a short time after the Government decided to send Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener to South Africa. The refusal of the Government to accept Lord Wolseley's resignation was naturally treated by him as proof that a year ago he possessed their full confidence.

Lord Lansdowne disagreed with him as to the nature of the advice which he gave with regard to Ladysmith, and sardonically ridiculed the preparations which the ex-Commander-in-Chief recommended before the outbreak of the War. They would have meant, he said, a policy of intimidation. One of Lord Wolseley's suggestions, as disclosed by Lord Lansdowne, was that we should seize Delagoa Bay. Lord Rosebery took up the cudgels zestfully for Lord Wolseley. The Government bluntly refused to produce all the minutes of the ex-Commander-in-Chief's advice, and Lord Roberts voted with them against Lord Wolseley. The noble Viscount may find some solace in the gratifying fact that the King has done him the honour to choose him as one of his special Ambassadors to formally notify his Accession to foreign Sovereigns and Republican Presidents.

It is rumoured that the new proprietors of the *Daily News* are anxious to acquire an evening paper, and that negotiations have taken place between them and the proprietors of one of the oldest established of the London evening journals.

There is a lot of very clever work in Miss May Sinclair's new volume, "Two Sides of the Question." Miss Sinclair has insight, and she has unquestionable ability. What she seems to lack is a power to charm. It is not only that her characters are usually unpleasant people, it is rather that she has not learnt to write agreeably of disagreeable things. Could anything, for instance, be more unnecessarily ugly than the reiteration of the statement that one of her characters "roused himself from a brief Nirvana of digestion?"

JUBILEE OF THE 1851 EXHIBITION.

IF it be true that the King has in contemplation a scheme for a great International Exhibition in London to add to the lustre of his reign, this will correspond with what was passing through his father's mind in July 1849. During that month Prince Albert discussed with some members of the Society of Arts, with the then Mr. Labouchere on the part of the Government, with Sir Robert Peel and others, the suggestion which afterwards took shape in the Great Exhibition of 1851.

At the banquet in London, on March 21, 1850, at the Mansion House, given by the Right Hon. Thomas Farncombe, Lord Mayor, to Her Majesty's Ministers and Royal Commissioners of the Exhibition, Prince Albert, in reply to the toast of his health, explained in a sentence what he understood to be the function of such Exhibitions. The Exhibition of 1851, he said, was to give a true test and a living picture of the point of development at which the whole of mankind had arrived in this great task, and a new starting-point from which all nations will be able to direct their further exertions.

Now the present indefatigable Lord Mayor is to preside on March 26 at a meeting in connection with the Naval and Military Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, which is designed to commemorate the jubilee of the opening of this great Exhibition of 1851. It is intended that the Naval and Military Charities will benefit from the proceeds, and it is sincerely to be hoped that this will be so. There is room both for Mr. Imre Kiralfy's grand Military Show at Earl's Court and the Army and Navy Exhibition Mr. Gilman is organising at the Crystal Palace.

THE KING AND THE WINDSOR LIBRARY.

His Majesty has given orders that the collection of books in the Library at Windsor Castle shall be thoroughly gone through, and all additions included in the catalogue. It is not generally known that the Library contains a great number of manuscript works, among others, Handel's scores, which were acquired by George III. During Her late Majesty's reign many books were borrowed from time to time, and some of them are now missing. This fact does not reflect on the care of the Librarian, because in each and every instance the volumes were sent for by high authority. The books which were the private property of our lamented Monarch will be removed to Osborne Cottage, the new home of Princess Henry of Battenberg. The favourite novel of Her Royal Highness and her mother was Mr. Black's romance, "A Princess of Thule," and after "Sheila" Prince Henry of Battenberg named his yacht.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. — MR. TREE.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, Shakespeare's TWELFTH NIGHT.
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2. Box Office (Mr. F. J. Turner) 10 to 10.

GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, Lessee and Manager.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, PERIL.
Doors open 7.45. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30. Box Office open 10 to 10.

LONDON HIPPODROME,
CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.
Managing Director, MR. H. E. MOSS.
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 7.45 p.m.
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLD BRILLIANCE.

GOUPIL GALLERY, 5, REGENT STREET, WATERLOO
PLACE, S.W.—GRAND SPRING EXHIBITION, comprising Works by the best British and Continental Artists. Admission ONE SHILLING (including Catalogue).

ALCOHOLIC EXCESS! DRINK HABIT Permanently Eradicated
at Home in Three Weeks by the now recognised "TACQUARU" Specific Treatment. Success Guaranteed. See Testimonials from London Diocesan Mission, CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, and result of great PUBLIC TEST. Write in confidence (or call) The Secretary, The "TACQUARU" Company, 2, Amberley House, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

WINTER TRIPS TO THE WEST INDIES.

IMPERIAL DIRECT WEST INDIA MAIL SERVICE.
Regular sailings between BRISTOL and Kingston (Jamaica). The Steamers employed on this service have been specially built for the trade, and travellers will find a voyage to Jamaica a delightful and invigorating trip. For fares and other particulars, apply ELDER, DEMPSTER, and CO., Liverpool, London, and Bristol.

CHEAP DAY RETURN TICKETS FROM	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Victoria	a.m. 9 25	a.m. 10 5	a.m. 10 40	a.m. 11 0	a.m. 11 5	a.m. 11 15	a.m. 11 40
* Kensington	10 15	11 15
London Bridge	9 25	12 0

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*"Parting is Such
Sweet Sorrow."*

Although in these days of quick travel many people think nothing of taking a tour round the world, there was last Saturday something pathetic in the parting of our Gracious Sovereign and his Consort from the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. In these days it is rare to see a father and son bound together with such close bonds of affection and trust as bind King Edward and his Heir-Apparent, and the absence of His Royal Highness will be much felt by the Sovereign. The nation also looked on with true sympathy while the Duke and Duchess said farewell to their little children. Prince Edward, who is passionately attached to both his parents, is said to much resent the fact that he is left behind, though some consolation was afforded him by the whispered assurance that his brother and sister were left in his charge; while Princess Victoria, on the other hand, is declared to have quite gravely assured her Royal mother, "I will take care of us!" Prince Edward is an exceedingly bright, independent-minded lad, and is just now, very naturally, much interested in ships as well as in everything else related to the sea.

Although all the interior arrangements of the *Ophir* are distinguished by good taste and simplicity of a sort, there can be no doubt that at no time in the world's history has there ever been a more commodious and delightful floating palace than the splendid twin-screw steamship in which the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York set sail last Saturday for their eventful and historic tour of the British Empire. Those who were privileged to visit in detail this most charming addition to the fleet of the world's Royal yachts realised, as they could never have done before, to what a pitch of perfection yacht-fittings can now be brought, and Messrs. Waring are to be very heartily congratulated on the result achieved.

Particular attention was paid to the Duchess's charming suite, which, from the dressing-room, with its alabaster fittings, to the floating boudoir, is the very acme of comfort at sea. The sleeping-saloon is painted the daintiest white, a prominent and interesting object being the clock-dial, which can be illuminated in an instant. All the appointments in the saloon are white, the simple bedstead being of silver-plated metal; and it is gratifying to learn that everything in their Royal Highnesses' private apartments is of the very best British make; thus those of our Colonial brothers and cousins who have the privilege of visiting the *Ophir* will see on all sides striking proofs of how excellent is the much-abused British artificer when he makes up his mind to do his best. The Duchess's boudoir is more or less green in colouring, and the cabin, which is well lighted, shows that Her Royal Highness means to get through a good deal of hard work during her seven months' absence from home. One delightful feature of the boudoir, and, indeed,

of all the sitting-rooms on the *Ophir*, are the arrangements which have been made for keeping the atmosphere cool when the ship anchors in a tropical climate, each saloon having a bee's-wing fan worked by electricity, and this will be found a great improvement on the old-world punkah.

*The Duke's
Sanctum.*

The most important apartment of the Duke's suite is his own study, of which the prominent piece of furniture is a large writing-table. In His Royal Highness's private sitting-room hang many portraits of those nearest and dearest to him, including a fine counterfeit presentment of

Queen Victoria, signed "Victoria R.I., June 22, 1897," while the kindly face of Edward VII. also illumines the somewhat severely furnished cabin with a bright, cheery gleam. The Duke's sleeping-cabin contains the swing-cot beloved of the naval officer, in place of the more cumbrous yacht-bed affected by the ordinary landsman when at sea. Above the cot hangs a delightful photograph of Queen Alexandra and Prince Edward of York, inscribed in Her Majesty's handwriting, "Grannie and Baby."

The dining-saloon gives a pleasant foretaste of Royal hospitalities. This really magnificent apartment has seating accommodation for close on sixty people, and the beautiful furniture, copied from fine old Chippendale models, is upholstered in red Post Office leather. As has been pointed out, the principal decoration of the dining-saloon, though belonging to old Orient Line days, might well have been expressly designed for the Royal tour, for under the arched spaces at the end of the dome are the shields of Great Britain and those of the four leading Australian Colonies. The saloon is panelled in rosewood and satinwood, and in less than an hour can be converted into a concert-room.

The general drawing- and sitting-rooms, including a particularly cosy apartment devoted to the worship of Lady Nicotine, are situated on

the promenade-deck. The Sheraton furniture of the drawing-room, in which the suite will probably spend so much of their time, is upholstered in blue-and-white silk damask, specially chosen by the Duchess and woven at Spitalfields to her order. A peculiar and picturesque feature of the saloon is that the two shafts which pass through the ceiling are hung with engravings, a number of which are the personal property of the Duke and Duchess, peculiar interest attaching to an unpublished crayon portrait of the late Sovereign as Her Majesty appeared in the full flush of youth and beauty within the first few years of her marriage.

Old Friends.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York are surrounded by old friends and familiar faces. Mr. and Mrs. Derek Keppel, who accompany them throughout the tour, have for long been associated in the public mind with our



ELDEST CHILDREN OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK: PRINCE EDWARD, PRINCESS VICTORIA, AND PRINCE ALBERT.

Photo by R. Milne, Aboyme and Ballater.

Sailor-Prince and his Duchess. Indeed, only the other day their Royal Highnesses stood sponsor to their baby. Mr. Keppel, who is a brother of Lord Albemarle, married a daughter of one of the King's most intimate friends, Lord Suffield, who has just been made a Lord-in-Waiting in Ordinary to His Majesty. Lady Mary Lygon and Lady Katharine Coke—the former a sister of Lord Beauchamp, who has just retired from the Governorship of New South Wales; and the latter a Lady-in-Waiting to the lamented Duchess of Teck, and a sister-in-law of Lord Leicester, the King's near neighbour in Norfolk, of which county he is Lord-Lieutenant—though the one might be the sister and the other the mother of Her Royal Highness, are, nevertheless, equally honoured by the Duchess's confidence. Last, but not least, the Duchess has her own brother, Captain His Serene Highness Prince Alexander, of Teck, with her.

The Reporter of Royalty. Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, who is, as I have previously stated, accompanying the Heir-Apparent and his charming Consort on their interesting Colonial tour, is a man who has played many parts, most of them confidential. It would be difficult to find a more tactful or more discreet official than Sir Donald; he has never even been indiscreet enough to get married. He has devoted many years of his life to journalism, and latterly, after being Director of the Foreign Department of the *Times*, he accepted the Editorship of the Supplement of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Lord Dufferin and Lord Lansdowne know him well, for he was their

indispensable Private Secretary when they were Viceroy of India; and the present Czar remembers him, for he was attached to His Imperial Majesty's suite during his tour as Cesarewitch in India and Ceylon. A jurist of great learning, Sir Donald is, however, no Dryasdust Professor, but follows with that keen interest which is born of knowledge the thread of European politics. Few men understand as well as he does the tangled intrigues of the Balkan States. He has written what has become a standard work on Russia, and the Queen-Regent of Spain has honoured him with her friendship.

H. S. Macnamara; Surgeon, R. Hill; Engineer, S. M. G. Bryer; Chaplain, Rev. H. S. Wood; Gunner, Alfred Turton; Boatswain, J. Paddon; Carpenter, W. Banbury; S.-Boatswain, M. Allen; Bandmaster, Wright. These are the naval officers. The Orient Company supply Purser J. C. Gibbons and Engineers Grey, Lee, Miller, Anderson, White, Nelson, and Matthews.

It will thus be seen that a couple of Nelsons figure in the list. Of various officers *The Sketch* has already given word-portraits. It remains to add that the Major of Marines is the son of the Rev. Childs Clarke, of Thorverton, Devon, the composer of many of our finest hymn-tunes; Sub-Lieutenant Wells is a son of the well-known Admiral; Sub-Lieutenant Bainbridge is the son of a late Captain of the *Resolution*.

The Chaplain, or Padre, as he is called in the Navy, is the Duke of Cornwall and York's very old friend and mentor, Canon Dalton. He is one of the few clergymen who received a decoration; he was made a "C.M.G." for his services as tutor to the Princes during the cruise of the *Bacchante*, of which interesting drawings appeared in last week's *Sketch*. Canon Dalton resided in the same house with the late Duke of Clarence when he was an undergraduate at Cambridge, and the terms of affectionate intimacy which subsisted between him and his pupil are well illustrated by the following lines from an amusing poem, which Mr. H. F. Wilson, who is now an important official in South Africa, sent to the lamented Duke of Clarence and Avondale—

And finally a word we send
To our Philosopher and Friend;
They say he's coming in July—
We hope 'tis true, for verily
We miss our mine of curious knowledge,
And, when we get him back in College,
We mean to drop a pinch of salt on
The tail of Mr. J. M. Dalton.

The Soldiers of the Suite. There is naturally a considerable military element in the suite. Lieutenant the Duke of Roxburghe and Captain Viscount Crichton, who go out as military Aides-de-Camp, are both in the "Blues"; and with them must be ranked Captain Prince Alexander of Teck and Major the Hon. Derek Keppel, already mentioned. Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur Bigge, so long known as the devoted and indefatigable Private Secretary of the late Queen Victoria, is included not in his military capacity, but as Private Secretary for Personal Affairs. A significant instance of the Duke of Cornwall and York's kindly tact is the inclusion of Colonel Byron, who will accompany the suite as far as Australia.



LIEUT.-COL. SIR ARTHUR BIGGE, K.C.B.,
PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE DUKE OF
CORNWALL AND YORK, AND LATE
PRIVATE SECRETARY TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



COMMODORE A. L. WINSLOE, R.N.,
COMMANDING THE ROYAL TOURING YACHT,
"THE OPHIR."

Photo by Heath, Plymouth.

son of the noble Sea Service in which he spent so many happy years. Sir Charles Cust, who has been his Equerry for nearly ten years, and was in the *Britannia* with His Royal Highness, lately retired from the Navy with the rank of Commander. There is also Major Bor, a distinguished officer of His Majesty's "Jollies," who is a man after the Duke's own heart. His services as Colonel of the Gendarmerie in Crete will be remembered, but it is not so well known that he received from the King of Italy a special medal for gallantry when suppressing a mutiny in that troubled island. Since that time he has been at the Admiralty organising the splendid force of Marines to which he is devoted. Major Bor is an Irishman by birth and education. The list of sailors is completed by the name of Commander Godfrey-Faussett.

Commodore Winsloe and his Officers.

Commodore A. L. Winsloe, the Captain of the *Ophir*, is an officer with a reputation for professional zeal and ability of a sort far beyond any that will be required of him for the new "yacht." The Australian trip, of course, lies outside the beaten track of a naval officer's work, but her Captain is a man of many parts. The following is a list of the *Ophir's* officers. His Royal Highness, be it noted, is not one of them; he is the Royal passenger, not the Royal Admiral, on this occasion. Captain: Commodore A. L. Winsloe. Commanders: Rosslyn Wemyss, P. Nelson-Ward. Lieutenants: W. Ruck Keene, C. M. Crichton Maitland, R. A. Norton, Hon. H. Meade, Hon. S. M. A. J. K. Hay. Sub-Lieutenants: G. A. Wells, J. H. Bainbridge, G. Saurin, J. B. Waterhouse. Major of Marines: C. Clarke, R.M.L.I. Lieutenants: G. L. Raikes, R.M.A.; H. H. F. Stockley, R.M.L.I. Staff Paymaster, E. D. Hadley; Secretary, W. Gask; Assistant Paymaster, G. A. Miller; Staff Surgeon,



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MAJOR THE HON. DEREK KEPPEL.
WHO ACCOMPANY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK TO AUSTRALIA.



Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

THE HON. MRS. DEREK KEPPEL.

Her Majesty's Household.

Though there is no very startling new name in the list of ladies and gentlemen who are privileged to serve our most gracious and much-beloved Queen Alexandra, yet the list does present a number of interesting features. For one thing, there are two charming pairs of sisters. Lady Gosford and

Lady Alice Stanley, who are Ladies-in-Waiting, are both daughters of that *grande dame par excellence*, the Duchess of Devonshire, by her first marriage, with the late Duke of Manchester. They are thus, with the Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, the aunts of the young Duke of Manchester. The other pair of sisters in Her Majesty's Household are the two charming twin daughters of Lord Vivian, the Hon. Violet Mary and the Hon. Dorothy Maud, who have barely passed their twentieth year. Miss Dorothy Vivian has had more experience of Court life than her sister, for she was appointed a Maid of Honour to Her late Majesty Queen Victoria in 1899. This brings



THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH,
MISTRESS OF THE ROBES TO QUEEN VICTORIA AND NOW TO
QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Photo by Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.

us to the general note of the list as a whole. Her late Majesty's great friends are not put on one side: Lady Antrim and Lady Lytton are remembered.

The Friend of Two Queens.

But the most important lady whom Queen Alexandra has, so to speak, inherited from her late beloved mother-in-law is the Duchess of Buccleuch, whose unrivalled experience as Mistress of the Robes is now to be placed at the service of Queen Alexandra. The Duchess, who is a daughter of the first Duke of Abercorn, enjoyed the honour of the intimate friendship of Her late Majesty, who gave her the Order of Victoria and Albert. Her Grace is, indeed, *grande dame*, and in these days of social disintegration an invitation to Montagu House is still one of those pleasures which go by favour, and cannot be acquired in any of the subtle fashions which are said, not without some reason, to act as "Open Sesame" to certain other historic houses.

A Group of Noble Dames.

Lady Suffield, Lady Emily Kingscote, Miss Charlotte Knollys, and Mrs. Charles Hardinge may truly be called a group of noble dames, long honoured, each and all, with Queen Alexandra's close friendship or affection. In this matter Her Majesty has followed the King's example, and, in her new responsible position as Consort of a Monarch on whose realms the sun never sets, she has placed about her person only those who have a claim to be considered old and trusted friends of ripe experience.

A Brilliant Gathering.

The first of the great social events since the death of Her late lamented Majesty is taking place this week, for the Sale of Irish Industries, opened at Grosvenor House yesterday (Tuesday, 19th) by Lord Roberts, will to-day be opened by the young Duchess of Westminster, who on this occasion makes her first public appearance in Society. As has been the case for so many years past, the great sale is likely to be patronised by many notable people, among the stallholders being quite a representative group of great Irish ladies, including the Duchess of Abercorn, Lady Lansdowne, Lady Lucan, Lady Castlerosse, and Lady Duncannon; while Lord Roberts's two daughters will naturally be much *en évidence*. To many the brilliant scene will recall the last great Anglo-Irish gathering, namely, that which took place in the Town Hall at Windsor, when the stallholders received the signal honour of displaying their wares to Queen Victoria, who on this occasion broke through her invariable rule of never attending a Charity Sale.

A Future Duke.

The birth of an infant Marquis of Carmarthen is naturally a great social event, and now more so than ever when it be remembered that this most important baby has four sisters older than himself, and that his parents have been married seventeen years. The happy event, which occurred at Bordighera last week, has sent a thrill of pleasure through the heart of every good Yorkshireman, for the master and mistress of Hornby Castle are very popular in the sporting county, and the Duchess is one of the most kind-hearted, as well as one of the cleverest, wearers of the strawberry-leaves. Her Grace, who is a sister of Lord Durham and

of Captain Hedworth Lambton, is one of the two literary Duchesses, the other being the Duchess of Sutherland. She writes excellent verse, and, some two years ago, published a volume of short stories, "Capriccios," which many of the more thoughtful of our professional novelists need not have been ashamed to sign.

Lord Alington.

I am glad to hear that Lord Alington is so much better that he proposes returning from Brighton to Crichel, his ancestral home near Blandford. Crichel is a picturesque place, distinguished by two unique establishments, the one the lake in front of the house, where there are more tame (to use an Irishism) wildfowl than anywhere else in the world, because Lord Alington will have none shot. I believe that, on one occasion, a dastard guest did put his breechloader about early in the morning. He was shown the door and never visited Crichel again. The second sight is the White Farm, wherein all quadrupeds and bipeds are quite Albinos—white cattle, white pigs, white poultry, white rabbits, white turkeys, and white peacocks. If you should happen to meet Lord "Bunny," he could tell you an amusing yarn wherein the "poor younger son," good old Napier Sturt, his brother, was not uninterested.

General Sir Henry Colville.

A correspondent writes: "I deeply regret that 'Odger' Colville should have been so ill-advised as to attack the War Office. He had no chance whatever after the communication which he made to the Press on his arrival in England. I have known General Colville since we were boys together at the same school, and I am absolutely certain that a more right-minded man does not exist. At the same time, his nickname of 'Odger' indicates his resentment against what he believes to be oppression in any form or shape. I suppose that the British Army will never again have the advantage of his skill, but I confess that it seems to me deplorable that we should lose the services of a Commanding Officer who, comparatively young, has risen to such rank and distinction. His career in East Africa alone ought to command further advancement."

Lord Lansdowne and Lord Wolseley.

I understand that the friction which existed between Lord Lansdowne and Lord Wolseley did not date from yesterday, and that the late Commander-in-Chief's minutes were so "blue-pencilled" by the then Secretary for War that for over a year the two were not even on speaking terms. Meanwhile, the War was going on in South Africa and the artillery question was left undecided. Is that why we have to go to Germany for guns? From what I hear, these Teutonic firearms are not so good as those we have produced in this country; but, unfortunately, we cannot get the material ready as quickly as either Krupp or Creusot. Why? And Echo answers, "Strikes."

The Uniform of the British Army.

It is, I am informed, under consideration that the scarlet uniform of the British Army should be abolished and a thick khaki dress substituted. There is great opposition to the scheme, but, on economical grounds, there can be no doubt that it is soundly based. The cavalry regiments and the Guards would be exempt from the innovation, which candid friends say will be the death of recruiting.

The celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the acquirement by Edward Baines of the copyright of the *Leeds Mercury* is an event in the journalistic world which merits cordial recognition and the heartiest congratulations of *The Sketch*. For a century the name Baines and the great journal with which the Baines family is still identified have been almost synonymous terms throughout the Midlands. The *Leeds Mercury* was the first provincial journal that exercised any influence

as an exponent of Liberal Nonconformity, and no paper did more for a long period of years to extend sound doctrines on practical questions in the North of England. The present Editor of the *Mercury*, Mr. Thomas Riach, is a Scotchman who began his journalistic career as a reporter on the *Elgin Courier* in the late 'sixties. He joined the reporting staff of the paper he now edits in 1874 under Sir Wemyss Reid. On the death of Mr. W. S. Mackie, Mr. Riach, in 1897, was appointed sole Editor.



THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

Penge.

Conveniently situated within easy reach of busy London, Penge has always struck me as a particularly healthy and pleasant place to reside in "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." Accordingly, I cordially congratulate Penge on its recent elevation to the dignity of a township, and upon its exemplary salubrity. Penge is rightly proud of its low death-rate, ten per thousand for the last quarter, comparing favourably with the healthier districts in the country. But I would counsel the new Council against launching into extravagant expenditure. A fair rate no householder objects to. But the lamentably excessive taxation which obtains in many new districts often drives harassed ratepayers to move to less heavily taxed localities. The coat should be cut according to the cloth, Messieurs.



LORD TAYLOUR
(MARQUIS OF HEADFORT)
IN FANCY-DRESS.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

Whitechapel Art Gallery.

Easily accessible from Aldgate Station, the new Whitechapel Art Gallery ought to attract numerous visitors from the West during the five or six weeks that it is to remain open. It is a remarkably commodious building, that has been erected through the munificence of a handful of generous subscribers, and it is interesting as the crowning work of that band of benefactors of the East-End who acknowledge Canon Barnett as their moving spirit. Unfortunately, he was prevented by a family bereavement from being

present at the opening by Lord Rosebery on March 12, but full justice was done by the speakers to the great part that he had taken in making the Gallery an established fact. Lord Rosebery, who spoke with some difficulty, in consequence of a cold, expressed his confidence in the refining influence of such a collection of pictures as had been brought together. These number nearly four hundred, and include a portrait of Queen Victoria, by Herr von Angeli, lent by the King; a splendid example of Turner, "Bellini's Pictures Carried in State to the Church of the Redeptore"; a charming Gainsborough, "The Shepherd-Boy"; an important Leighton, "King Cleoboulus Instructing His Daughter"; works by Vandyck, Reynolds, Romney, Watts, Millais, and Rossetti, and a number of attractive pictures by more modern artists.

Musical Bexhill.

The rising Sussex watering-place of Bexhill, justly proud of its health-giving sea-air, has been additionally attractive of late by reason of the admirable concerts that clever composer and *chef d'orchestre*, Mr. J. M. Glover, has provided at the Kursaal. In this rather ambitiously named recreation-hall, Mr. Glover organised for Sunday last two grand concerts, in which Mr. Harrison Brockbank and the Drury Lane Orchestra took part, in aid of the local Nazareth Home. A man of prodigious energy and great talent, Mr. Glover merits a warm word of praise for the spirit which prompted him, after a heavy week's work as Conductor of the pantomime music to "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," to journey to Bexhill for this charitable object. More power to Glover!

Marriage of Lord Decies and Miss Maria Willoughby.

One of the smartest weddings which have taken place in town for some time past was solemnised at St. Michael's Church, Chester Square, on the 12th inst., when Lord Decies led to the altar Miss Maria Gertrude Willoughby. The bridegroom is the head of one of the branches of the great Beresford family, while the bride is the younger daughter of the late Sir John Willoughby, M.P., and sister of



Photo by Langflier, Old Bond Street, W.]

MISS MARIA WILLOUGHBY.



[Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.]

LORD DECIES.

MARRIED AT ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, CHESTER SQUARE, ON MARCH 12.

Major Sir John Willoughby of Jameson Raid fame. Canon Fleming, Vicar of the parish, officiated, and Sir John Willoughby gave his sister away. She wore a lovely gown of ivory-white satin embroidered in pearls and silver, and trimmed with old Honiton lace (the gift of her mother). Her beautiful full Court-train was composed of transparent chiffon and silver, and she carried a large bouquet of tuberose, orange-blossoms, and lilac. Captain the Hon. Graham Beresford, "A.D.C." to the Duke of Connaught, and brother of Lord Decies, acted as groomsmen.

The Bridesmaids and the Guests.

There were six pretty little bridesmaids—Miss Marigold Forbes, Miss Honor Leigh, Miss Enid Ward, Miss Violet Barclay, Miss Irene Harvey, and Miss Diana Bulteel—who wore frocks of ivory-white Indian muslin over white satin, while round the waists were broad silver gauze sashes. Their hats were of white chiffon trimmed with ostrich-feathers and silver buckles, and each carried a tall silver wand tied with bunches of lilies and smilax. The guests at the church included the Duchess of Montrose, the Duchess of Somerset, the Marchioness of Hastings, Viscountess Maitland, Lord Greville, Lady Decies, Lord Radstock, Lady Edward Churchill, Dowager-Lady Annesley, Lady Angela Forbes, Mary, Lady Vivian, Viscount Doneraile, Lord and Lady Arthur Hill, Lord and Lady Robert Bruce, Sir Claude and Lady Alexander, Lady Jane Taylor, and Lady Conyers. Lady Willoughby afterwards held a large reception at 46, Grosvenor Gardens, and later in the day Lord and Lady Decies left for a Continental honeymoon tour. The presents, which were most magnificent, numbered upwards of four hundred.

Captain Dalton's Heroism.

The President and Council of the Irish Medical Schools and Graduates' Association on Saturday last entertained a distinguished company to dinner at the Hôtel Cecil, Lord Roberts being in the chair. The occasion was the presentation to Captain Charles Dalton, R.A.M.C., of the Arnott Memorial Medal for his bravery in the affair at Chieveley on Jan. 23, 1900. Mr. David Arnott is the donor of the medal, which he presented in memory of his father, the late Sir John Arnott, who was a great philanthropist. It has fallen to the lot of Captain Dalton to be the first to earn this coveted distinction. The 14th Hussars, to which regiment the Doctor was attached, were taking part in a reconnaissance near Chieveley, and it became known that an officer of the South African Light Horse was lying wounded within the zone of fire. Captain Dalton forthwith obtained permission to go and dress his wounds. This he was proceeding to accomplish, when the Boers fired a volley at them at a hundred yards' range, paying no attention to the Red Cross flag carried by the Doctor's orderly. The result was that the orderly was shot dead, and the Doctor received a bullet through the abdomen.



CAPTAIN CHARLES DALTON, R.A.M.C.,
AWARDED THE ARNOTT MEMORIAL MEDAL
FOR HIS BRAVERY AT CHIEVELEY.

Photo by Molkenteller and Co., Secunderabad.

The Boers, disregarding the pitiable condition of the two wounded officers, left them where they were lying to suffer the exposure of a bitterly cold night on the veldt. Happily, the two officers were found by a patrol the next morning and brought into camp. It will not be out of place to relate another deed of heroism performed by this brave Doctor. The R.M.S. *Colopazi* was wrecked in the Straits of Magellan on April 15, 1889, when Dr. Dalton, the ship's surgeon, rescued from the steerage two paralysed passengers, both unable to move, carrying each in turn to safety. To appreciate the gallantry of the action, it should be noted that the ship within eight minutes of striking the rocks sank. Nor did the Doctor's consideration for suffering humanity end here, for during the period of three days and nights that the shipwrecked passengers were fated to remain on the rocks, he went so far, amid heavy snow and rain, as to divest himself and give up a portion of his own scanty clothing to add to the comfort of his patients, thus probably doubly saving their lives. One of the patients being a French subject, Captain Dalton, in addition to receiving the British Humane Society's Medal, had a similar distinction conferred on him by the French Humane Society. "Palmam qui meruit ferat." Though it must be confessed he doesn't always get it in this world.

The Registrar-General and the Census.

It was only last year, it may be recalled, that Mr. Reginald Macleod of Macleod, C.B., received the appointment of Registrar-General; and in view of the census about to be taken, it will be readily understood that of late a good deal of extra work has had to be supervised by the Registrar-General. Arrangements for the great enumeration are now completed in a manner that renders any hitch almost an impossibility. Those who have had to consult with Mr. Macleod have been struck with the thorough grasp which he has taken of the work.

The Rival Blues at Putney.

Cambridge arrived at Putney on March 13; Oxford reached there the following day; and those well qualified, as well as those who are not, have since been expressing their opinions as to the merits of the rival eights, collectively and individually. The benefit of the practice on the quiet



MISS LUCY WESTON, A STAR OF THE BRADFORD PANTOMIME TO APPEAR AT THE HALLS.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

the time of writing, the friends of Oxford are showing themselves to be possessed of much confidence.

For the inter-University Sports, which take place at the Queen's Club, West Kensington, on March 29, the day before the Boat-Race, the prospects of Oxford appear to be very good—that is, if the performances at the respective University Sports may be accepted without reserve. Both at Oxford and Cambridge the form shown points to excellence of quality on the day, even if excitement should not quite reach high-water mark. H. W. Workman's success in the Half-mile at Cambridge was made all the more remarkable by the time he accomplished—1 min. 57½ sec. A repetition of this, or even something not quite so good, would render a win in the Half certain for the Light Blues. But it may be considered wiser to reserve Workman for the Three-Mile race, as the opposition therein may be strong, while the Half-mile may be considered safe with J. Gillman, who is, apparently, better than any Oxford man. The Dark Blues seem to have a bright look-out so far as the Hammer-throwing and Weight-putting are concerned, and Cambridge may regard with light hearts the Mile and Hurdles, though the latter is an event as often as not productive of an upset. For the Hundred Yards race, 10½ sec. was not recorded at either place, and, so far as regards Cambridge, this is somewhat unorthodox. In L. J. Cornish, Oxford possess an athlete good enough to win the Hundred, Quarter, and Long Jump, but he will scarcely go for all three.

A Boat-Race Book. I recommend all who would post themselves up in the doings of Dark and Light Blue oarsmen of the past to read the fresh edition of Mr. Wadham Peacock's standard book, "Story of the Inter-University Boat-Race," issued for two shillings by Grant Richards, the publishers, of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

Mr. Frank Harris's New Paper.

The announcements that Mr. Frank Harris is going to resume the editorial rôle, and that a new sixpenny Society weekly, entitled the *Candid Friend*, will presently appear under his auspices, have occasioned no little interest, which has been enhanced by the fact, bearing in mind a recent sensational statement as to the real authorship of that much-discussed volume, "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters," that Mr. Harris will have a revealing article on that subject in an early issue of the new journal.

Memorials of "A.K.H.B."

The widow of the late Dr. A. K. H. Boyd has placed memorials of this popular preacher and author (the father of Mr. Frank Boyd, of the *Pelican*) in the Town and St. Mary's Churches, St. Andrews. A handsome brass lectern has been placed in the Town Church. The tablet in St. Mary's Church bears this inscription—

To the glory of God and in loving memory of the Very Rev. A. K. H. Boyd, D.D., LL.D., for thirty-four years Minister of the First Charge of the Parish of St. Andrews. Eminent as a preacher, essayist, and man of letters. Born November 3rd, 1825; died March 1st, 1899. "I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness." This tablet is placed here by his widow, Janet Balfour Meldrum.

The Newfoundland Question.

The Hon. R. Bond, Premier of Newfoundland, with whom *The Sketch* published an Interview last week, writes me that, through an inadvertence, the trade of the small French island of St. Pierre was quoted as twenty million dollars, when it should have been francs. He also informs me that Mr. Reid, the Montreal capitalist, to whom reference was made in the Interview, obtained, in 1898, in consideration of the payment of a million dollars, the *fee simple* of the whole railway system of the island of Newfoundland. And, besides this, Mr. Reid received a grant of a very large area of land and a monopoly of the Government telegraph-lines for fifty years.

New Cavalry Commanders.

Lieutenant-Colonel Gilbert H. C. Hamilton, who has commanded his regiment, the 14th (King's) Hussars in South Africa since October 1899, and taken part in all Sir Redvers Buller's operations in Natal, has been appointed to the command of a Cavalry Brigade at "the Front." Colonel Hamilton joined the 14th ("Charles O'Malley's" regiment) more than twenty-five years ago, and as an Aide-de-Camp in the Afghan War of 1878-80 won a mention in despatches. The present is not his first acquaintance with South Africa, for he took part in the disastrous Boer War in which Sir George Colley lost his life.

Another new Brigadier-General of Cavalry is Lieutenant-Colonel E. C. Knox, who now has the Brigade lately commanded by Colonel Broadwood. Colonel Knox took over the command of the 18th Hussars after the capture by the Boers of a squadron of the regiment, with its Colonel, on the evening of the Battle of Glencoe, and his services during the siege of Ladysmith were highly appreciated by Sir George White, who in despatches strongly recommended him for higher employment. Colonel Knox served with the Light Camelry in the Soudan Expedition fifteen years ago, and has belonged to the 18th just over eighteen years. Major Marling, who has been on sick leave in England, is on his way to South Africa to assume command of his old regiment. He has served in several previous campaigns, in two with the "Green Jackets," and won the "V.C." as a Mounted Infantryman at Tamaï in 1884. His first war service was with the 60th Rifles in the Boer War of 1881.

Army Corps of Scots.

Whatever may be the opinion of the "unco guid" with respect to the formation of a Scottish Army Corps, it is certain that this recognition of the splendid bravery of "Auld Scotia's" sons will be warmly appreciated by Scotsmen generally. It has long been an anomaly that while, in addition to the famous "Greys" and the Scots Guards, the Northern Kingdom has furnished some twenty battalions—and these among the most distinguished—to the Line, until quite recently only two battalions and one cavalry regiment were quartered in that country, at Edinburgh and Glasgow. Indeed, at present, with the exception of the Dépôts and a few small units, Scotland has no military garrison whatever. The day is happily long past when the presence of a regiment was held to be a disadvantage to a town.

I was in Mrs. Langtry's new theatre the other day, and, if £30,000 can convert a woe-begone theatre into a beautiful playhouse, the change will be effected. Curiously enough, the Imperial behind the scenes has always been a well-fitted house, and some of us can remember that when Miss Marie Litton was manager her tea-parties were of the best company. Then Mr. Rendle, father-in-law of the late Sir Augustus Harris, took the theatre, and, after a short season of ballet, produced the delightfully bright and diverting comic opera, "Billee Taylor," by Messrs. H. P. Stephens and Edward Solomon. This took the town, but what hindered business was the fact that shareholders in the adjacent Aquarium had the right to buy seats at very reduced rates. Mr. Rendle was so annoyed that he offered Mr. John Hollingshead handsome terms to take over the Gaiety. It could not be arranged then, but "Billee Taylor" went to the Gaiety later on. Mrs. Langtry has certainly got a cheap theatre: £1000 a-year for the first twelve-months, mounting up to £3000 in six years, is not an exorbitant outlay, despite the initial expenses.

Miss Madge May is a very clever soubrette who will shortly be seen at some of the West-End halls. Her dancing is spoken of as being of the highest order.



MISS MADGE MAY.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

The German Emperor.

The incident respecting the cut inflicted on the Kaiser's face during his visit to Bremen (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*) remains shrouded in mystery. The account generally accepted is that a weak-witted young man, a prey to epileptic fits, became suddenly seized with



A HINT FOR DRAMATIC TOURING COMPANIES.

MR. W. P. WARREN SMITH IN THE VOITURETTE IN WHICH HE RODE FROM JOHN O' GROAT'S TO LAND'S END.

Photo by Macnab, Paddington.

redoubled, and henceforth, wherever His Majesty goes, he will be attended by an escort of Berlin Police officials, as well as by those of the town he is visiting. His Majesty is rapidly recovering from his accident, and is able to attend to the usual State routine of the day.

The German Crown Prince.

I learn (adds my Berlin Correspondent) that the Crown Prince will be promoted to the rank of "Rittmeister," or Captain, of the Garde du Corps on the anniversary of the birthday of William I. The latter Emperor received his military education in the same regiment, as did the late Emperor Frederick. The present Emperor, on the contrary, though Chief of the Garde du Corps, received his training in the Hussar Guards. The Crown Prince will have the command of the Second Squadron, which is now under Rittmeister von Reibnitz. I likewise understand that the Crown Prince will receive a visit during the Easter holidays from Duke Charles of Saxe-Coburg, who will stay in the Royal Castle in Berlin for some days and be shown all the sights of Berlin. On the anniversary of the birthday of Queen Louisa, the Crown Prince accompanied the Empress to the statue of the late Queen, which had been, as usual, magnificently decorated for the occasion with masses of hothouse flowers. The Kaiserin looked very far from well; indeed, both she and her august Consort had been looking unwell prior to the attack on the Emperor. It is rumoured, indeed, that His Majesty has been suffering much pain from his ear for some time past.

The late Baron Stumm.

One of the leading Conservative politicians of Germany has passed away in Freiherr von Stumm. The late Baron, besides being a celebrated politician, was one of the largest landowners and employers of labour in the whole of Germany, and for this reason, and also because he was a strong opponent of social democracy, incurred the bitter hatred of the more rabid Democratic Party, whose constant theme is the combatting of capitalism. A Conservative, the late leader was raised to the Barony by the late Emperor Frederick in 1888, and, on account of his enormous possessions and his arbitrary, though absolutely just, method of exercising his unbounded sway, was often called "King Stumm." Perhaps few men in the world are so penetrated with the idea of duty to their Monarch and their country as was the late Baron.

Herkomer's Portrait of William II.

The chief attraction in artistic circles at the present moment in Berlin is Herkomer's picture of the German Emperor. Constant streams of people are to be seen entering the show-room where the large enamel portrait is hanging, and very striking they find the object of their visit. Though unique of its kind, the portrait is hardly natural. The Kaiser is represented as standing, in full robes of State, before a red background, with an enormous German eagle exactly over his head, and he is wearing the uniform of the Garde du Corps and the insignia of the Order of the Black Eagle. The enormous golden eagle above the Kaiser's head, as compared with the German Emperor himself, is simply colossal in size—quite out of all proportion, in fact. The Emperor himself looks far too stiff. His natural liveliness and vigour are wanting in this portrayal of himself in enamel. Moreover, the joins in the enamel are so patent to the eye as to be quite obtrusive. Herkomer's other pictures in the same room afford to the majority, at least, of the visitors far more pleasure than the enormous portrait of His Majesty.

Mr. Charles Schwab's Romantic Career.

From grocer's boy, with a wage of ten shillings a-week, to the head of the most famous combination of capitalists in the world and a salary of £15,000 a-year, is a record which is almost unique in these latter days, when men make millions less rapidly than did their fathers. It is the record of Mr. Charles M. Schwab, who was President of the Carnegie Steel Company, Limited, and is President of the Billion Dollar Steel Trust, in which close on four hundred thousand men are employed, and which supplies a living altogether for no fewer than two million souls. It is a great record for a young man still in the full flush of youth, for he was born early in 1862, and has only just completed his thirty-ninth year.

A Persevering Engineer.

When he left school, at sixteen, his ambition was to become an engineer; and though he had to sell sugar, tea, and coffee in the day, and sleep as a watchman in the store at night, he never relinquished in any degree the desire of his life, and spent all his leisure in some great steel-works in the Pennsylvania town in which his lot was cast. At eighteen he began work in the great foundry at the by no means magnificent salary of four shillings a-day. From this humble beginning, however, he worked his way up in seven years to be Chief Engineer, and he built the famous Homestead Steel Plant, of which he became the Superintendent. Under his direction, the first armour-plate made by the Carnegie Company for the United States Navy was produced, and he did a great deal to bring about the ordering of armour-plates from these works by the Great Powers of Europe.

President of the Carnegie Company.

It was in 1897 that he became President of the Carnegie Company, with a salary of £10,000 a-year and a three per cent. interest. Before this, however, he had, it is said, been approached by an English manufacturer, who offered him over £10,000 a-year to become the manager of his factory. Mr. Schwab declined the offer, and said nothing about it. Some time afterwards, Mr. Carnegie heard of the matter, and spoke to him on the subject, but Mr. Schwab quietly replied that the position was not what he wanted. "Then what is it you do want?" naturally inquired Mr. Carnegie. "To become partner in your company," returned Mr. Schwab, and a partner he became. At all events, that is the story which is told on what is seemingly good authority. The secret of Mr. Schwab's success he told to a reporter in America not long ago, and he began with these words, which are the keynote of every successful career, and are not typically American, as they are supposed to be. He said, "I always rely on myself; I am a great believer in self-reliance—manliness which is manhood in its noblest form." In pursuance of this idea, Mr. Schwab married at twenty-one, and by the time he was twenty-two he had made, as the result of a year's work, a thousand pounds. Self-reliance is all very well with real ability to support it. Self-sufficiency without ability frequently leads to quicksands.

A Codfish Postman.

The following remarkable story, reminding one somewhat of the ancient legend of "Polycrates and the Ring," has been sent to me by a correspondent, Mr. Richard Fuller-Maitland: On April 29, 1888, whilst anchored off the Vesterman Islands, in the North Atlantic Ocean, Captain Christiansen, of the Danish liner *Laura*, which still plies between Copenhagen and Iceland, received a letter of no particular importance from the Acting Sheriff of Vesterman, Mr. Aagaard. Having read the note, Captain Christiansen, who was on the eve of departure, and at the time on the bridge of the vessel, crumpled the letter up and threw it overboard. Forgetting all about it, Captain Christiansen proceeded to Reyjavik, in Iceland, distant northwards one hundred and eighty miles from the Vesterman Islands. In consequence, however, of having to visit several ports of call, Reyjavik was not reached till the following June, where, on landing, the Captain, greatly to his surprise, was handed by the Consul, Mr. Zimson, the identical letter, which had been found by a French fisherman off Reyjavik in the belly of a codfish on May 15 of the same year (1888). Consequently, the letter had been conveyed by the codfish a distance of one hundred and eighty miles between April 29 and May 15 of the same year. My correspondent, who vouches for the truth of so remarkable a story, sends me a photograph which he himself took on board the *Laura* in September last. The letter is seen in the hands of Captain Christiansen. It is written in Danish.



CAPTAIN CHRISTIANSEN READING HIS WONDERFUL LETTER.

Margaret Woffington.

Margaret Woffington, born in Dublin on Oct. 18, 1718, amid wretched surroundings, lived to become one of the most famous actresses in the history of the theatre. From dancing in a booth as a child, she rose so rapidly on the legitimate stage that, at the age of sixteen, she acted Ophelia with success before the critical audiences of her native city. Her first great "hit" occurred on April 25, 1738, when she played Sir Harry Wildair, in "The Constant Couple," a character for which she was specially suited by reason of her bright, handsome face, and her exceedingly elegant figure. In October 1740 she made her first appearance in London, as Sylvia in "The Recruiting Officer," following this impersonation by that of Sir Harry Wildair, in which she captivated the town.



FROM THE FINEST ENGRAVING OF PEG WOFFINGTON (COST £300).

After the Painting by Johannes Eekhout

But "lovely Peggy" played other parts besides those in which she had to don male attire. When a child, she was seen in nine characters, and, when grown-up, she acted no less than one hundred and twenty-three, twenty-one of which were Shaksperian—a remarkable record. She died on March 28, 1760, in Queen Square, Westminster, and was buried in Teddington Church.

The Duellists.

The Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch* writes: M. Paul Déroulède, whose provocation of M. André Buffet to duel has been the topic of the French papers, is a narrow-faced, long-bearded, sickly, nervous man, with the air of a backwoodsman in Sunday dress, whose precise aim in politics nobody knows, if it is not to advertise Paul Déroulède. Such as he is, he has treated France during fifteen years to a series of political sensations. He founded the League of Patriots, through which the Nationalists have made it a part of their business to calumniate England during the past year. He sustained Boulanger, and in that capacity fought a duel on the side he opposes to-day. He got himself ordered out of Russia for making propaganda there against Germany. The High Court of France banished him for ten years for trying to overthrow the Republic, and the Chamber lately unseated him. His present duel is quite in his usual rôle. He is a nephew of the celebrated dramatist, Emile Augier, and they say he began life as a poet.

M. André Buffet is the son of the former French Minister who played a conspicuous part in the varying political fortunes of France from 1835 to 1870. Always Monarchic, he nevertheless rallied to the Empire, and rallied likewise to the Republic of MacMahon. M. André Buffet has given up all possibility of a political career under the Republic to follow the fortunes of the Duc d'Orléans. Banished for political plotting against the Government, he is living at Brussels, whence he directs the politics of the Royalist Party.

President Loubet is, they say, well guarded against such an accident as that which happened to the Emperor William the other day. The real security does not lie in the soldiers and policemen on view. These are principally decorations. The real strength of the President's guard is invisible. It consists of twenty-one men, who live in the Palace and are distributed about the grounds, entrances, and streets outside. They are in ordinary citizen's dress, and are not

recognisable from the passer-by. When the President goes out, eleven of these men go with him. They are in public cabs, on bicycles, or afoot, mingle with the crowd, and, while they are completely unobserved, they observe everybody else. It is asserted that M. Félix Faure had another service of men in fantastic disguise, got up as tramps, as pedlars, as long-haired Anarchists, though this story has been denied by the police.

A Lost Legend.

On the very eve of the Mi-Carême Carnival (continues my Paris Correspondent), a popular Parisian legend was destroyed. Eight years ago, when the students of the Quartier Latin defied the forces of the city after the scandal of the Bal de Quatz-Arts, a handful of the rioters were driven into a side-street, and there they found an abandoned baby. They decided to adopt it as the child of the Latin Quarter. It was impossible to find the name of its parents; but, as it was the fête of Ste. Lucie, they christened her Lucie, and, in view of the riots, they found a surname in "Bagarre." Since then, special reference has always been made to their donations for her education and keep. But, alas for the child of the Latin Quarter! Paris has found out the students have been absent-minded, and that the entire cost of "Lucie Bagarre" has been paid out of the rates!

Madame Brandes.

I deeply regret to hear that Madame Brandes, the brilliant artist of the Comédie-Française, is in a dangerous condition. To allow a sick woman to undertake the colossal

part she accepted in Sardou's "Patrie," and to let her continue when it was apparent to the audience that she was so weak that she was bordering on hysterics, is not consistent with the best traditions of the Maison de Molière. At the end of the performance she lay in a dead faint for close upon an hour.

From the unobtrusive age of seven till the ripe old age of seventy, Fanny Génat never left the boards. This should be almost a theatrical record. Born at Lyons in 1831, she was playing child parts at the age of seven, and, later on, was *première danseuse* at the Opéra, and, as dancer, singer, pantomimist, or actress, she figured without interruption in every Paris theatre of repute, noticeably at the Opéra-Comique, where a benefit performance in honour of her retirement was given this week. She belonged to the famous school that included

Olivia Plunkett, Caroline Duvernoy, and Taglioni. What became of Olivia Plunkett has never been clearly settled. She was of Irish extraction, and it is believed that she retired into a convent. Duvernoy married Mr. Lyne Stephens and was prodigal in her generosity to religious or charitable institutions. The last years of her life were spent in her mansion in the Champs-Élysées, with Sir Campbell Clarke of the *Daily Telegraph* and Mr. Gordon Bennett of the *New York Herald* as neighbours. She had a private chaplain—Canon Dwyer, an Englishman. Taglioni married General Ulrich, the French Governor of Strasbourg. All of them were women of exceptionally pure lives, and I am glad to hear that it was out of courtesy, and not out of charity, that Carré decided to give Paris a chance of saying farewell to a popular artist on her well-deserved rest after sixty-three years' hard work.

Comedy and Tragedy.

An anecdote of dear old Toole! Talking to him, many years ago, on his return from Australia, a friend of mine recalled to him that he had seen him play in "Dearer than Life" and break into tears after singing "The Grasp of an Honest Man." Toole admitted that he would have preferred to be a tragedian. This is apropos of the suggestion of a French writer who declares that there is no such thing as tragedy. He argues that, if you take a tragedy and call the hero (so to speak) Teddy Spratt and the heroine Popsie Perkins, instead of Gilbert Esmond and Marianne Hardy, any tragedy can be turned into a farce without changing a line. In his opinion, "It's all in a name."



MISS MAUD DANKS

AS KITTY CLIVE IN "PEG WOFFINGTON," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

Photo by Lavender, Bromley.



MISS RUBY VERDI,

THE CHARMING ALICE IN "DICK WHITTINGTON," AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, BIRMINGHAM.

Photo by Baker, Birmingham.

THE SOCIAL JESTER



A LETTER TO DOLLIE—ON THE SPRING YOUNG MAN.

MY DEAR DOLLIE,—When, a few weeks ago, I gave myself the pleasure of writing to you on the subject of “growing up,” I omitted to ask your pardon for addressing you in what is known as an open letter instead of forwarding my disjointed remarks through the post. Let me, therefore, make my sincere apologies and immediate explanations. It has lately become the fashion to bind up in volume form and sell to the public those tender and should-be sacred missives that all of us have written at some time in our lives, and most of us have received. A friend of mine, who once saw the house where a man lived who is second-cousin, forcibly removed, to a publisher, and who is therefore in the know, tells me that a certain famous publishing-house has lately inspected nearly fifteen hundred bundles of manuscript entitled “The Confidences of a Fool,” or something similar.

Now, I need scarcely point out to such an intelligent young lady as yourself that this latest craze is bound to put an end to the writing of love-letters. Even I, you see, trustful old thing though I am, consider it a wise precaution to copyright my opinions by printing them right away in the pages of a public journal. Here, of course, you toss your head, dear Dollie, and ask yourself, elliptically, how I dare insinuate such a thing. To which I hasten to reply that I don't, but that it is sometimes best to be on the safe side. Besides, I haven't forgotten that sweet little cedar-wood box with the very worn lock that you keep snugly tucked away beneath your ribbons and bits of lace and things. I hope I am wrong in supposing that there is more than one uneasy youth who would like to know for certain that you had transferred the contents of that box to the back of the fire.

But it may be that those dear winged things whose business it is to watch over and tend the sentimentalities of mortal men will contrive to nip in the bud this literary weed that has worked its insidious way into the garden of the world's love. We open our hearts, the gods know, seldom enough; let us, at least, preserve for ourselves and those that shall come after us the privilege of writing love-letters.

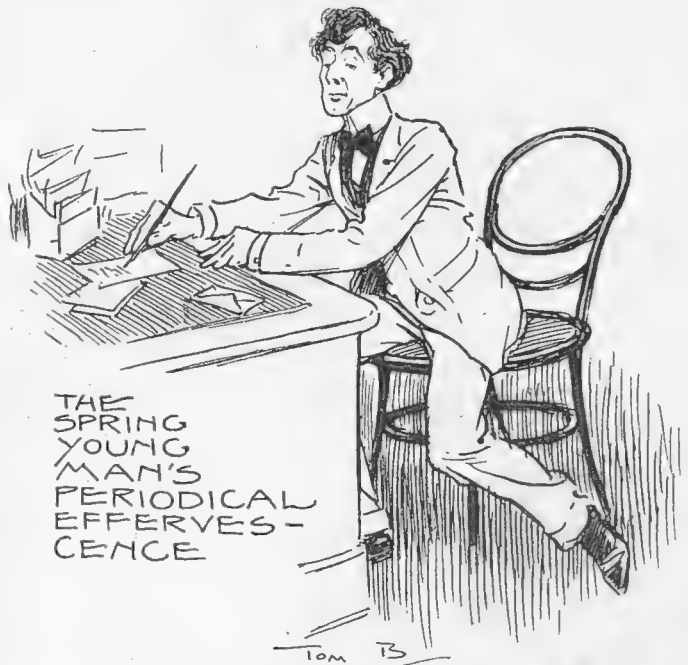
I allude, of course, to real love-letters. As regards those gushing effusions that the spring young man turns off with rather less than half the care that he takes over choosing his socks or smoothing out his eyebrows, I don't think it matters very much whether the lid of the little cedar-wood box is left open or not. For these offspring of an April breeze bear to one another so close a resemblance that it would be a matter of difficulty for the writers themselves, a month or two after writing, to distinguish which from whose. Nor is there the least likelihood that they will ever be given to the world in volume shape. Yet they serve their purpose by forming a safety-valve for the spring young man's periodical effervescence.

BY THE
SIDE OF
HIS TWICE
OR THRICE
DEAR
ONE



This same effervescence is offered as an excuse for existence by that blatant ballad, entitled “O, Trample on My Wounded Heart!” that the April youth gives off in suburban back drawing-rooms and a thin baritone voice, to the accompaniment of a maltreated piano and the tinkle of infinitesimal coffee-cups. If the conversation is sufficiently interesting to warrant an encore, he follows up the trampled-on business, appropriately enough, by inviting a young lady with pince-nez and an incredibly sharp nose to lay a lock or so of hair on his grave. The young lady, who has been wildly endeavouring to smooth a non-existent crease out of the carpet with the point of an impossibly pointed shoe, suddenly pulls herself together, fixes a stony glare on the bald spot on the back of the curate's head, and expresses, in a shrill soprano voice, her impassioned intention of placing her heart in the young man's coffin for ever and aye. It is not stated in the song whether the receipt of the said organ is to be acknowledged on the tombstone. I often think that ballad-writers should submit their effusions to a solicitor before publication. But no spring lover, worthy of the name, would be content to declare his love in the writing of letters and the singing of ballads alone. Even the little things of everyday life gain a new dignity when brought into contact with his all-exalting emotion. Mark, at breakfast-time, how tenderly he taps the top of his egg, how gracefully he munches his buttered toast, with what an air he removes from his incipient moustache a stray particle of marmalade! And surely it is a study in sentimental deportment to see him walking in the street by the side of his twice or thrice dear one. Should a mere rate-collector but brush the edge of her skirt in passing, and the April youth darts at him such malevolent glances as are beyond the common ken of the poverty-stricken householder.

“O, TRAMPLE
ON MY
WOUNDED
HEART!”



THE
SPRING
YOUNG
MAN'S
PERIODICAL
EFFERVES-
CENCE

His attire, too, from his professionally tied tie to his musical boots, is a thing for the mere Park lounge to study with awe. What an infinity of exquisite taste is displayed in the selection of that choice khaki waistcoat! How distinctly—not to say, loudly—do those well-creased trouserings

speaking of a heart that, though trampled upon a thousand times, will yet leap up and dare to love again. It is only fitting, I am sure, that he should have a conversational code of his own. Prosaic ones may strive to understand it, but they will certainly strive in vain. Hear our exquisite, then, exasperating his selected goddess—

HE. But perhaps— (*A pause.*)
SHE (*somewhat abruptly*). Perhaps what?
HE (*benightedly*). Don't you know?
SHE (*frantically*). Of course not!
HE (*says nothing, but looks a whole library*).
SHE (*making sure of her hair-pins*). What are you staring at?
HE (*with half-closed eyes*). I was wondering whether— (*Pauses.*)
SHE (*with ominous calm*). I am waiting.
HE (*plaintively*). But I don't know that I—
SHE (*aside*). I'm sure I don't!
HE. And yet I can't help wondering whether—
SHE. Don't you think you might sometimes finish a sentence?
HE (*with intense meaning*). —Whether I am boring you.
SHE (*desperately*). I believe you are. Let's go and play Ping-Pong.

But a truce to these appreciations. I think I have clearly demonstrated to you, dear Dollie, that the spring young man is not a person to be lightly approached or lightly left. And here I bid him a round-eyed farewell, consigning him, forthwith, to the mercy of your feminine tact and the little cedar-wood box.

“Chicot”

THE NEW STAR: NOVA PERSEI.

The Fantastic Imagination of the Poets and the Serious Certainty of the Scientists—William Shakspeare and Sir Norman Lockyer.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are;
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

NURSERY-RHYME though it be, reminiscent of the days when small feet pattered along the pavement, curious eyes peered into the night, a coercive voice demanded the moon and refused to be put off with so mundane a makeshift as green cheese, it expresses as succinctly as may be the question which not only the common or garden person asks in the presence of Nova Persei, but the attitude which the astronomers the world over,

WITH THE AID OF PHOTOGRAPHY AND THE SPECTROSCOPE, are endeavouring to solve, plucking, indeed, the very heart out of the mystery of the new star which is blazing away in the heavens in a

LET AN ASTRONOMER SPEAK IN THE LANGUAGE OF SCIENCE.

"My view of the explanation of the new star," said Sir Norman Lockyer to a representative of *The Sketch*, a few days ago, in reply to a question on this point, "is that, perhaps some fifty years ago, there were in space two bodies consisting of meteoric swarms of different densities and quiescent and moving with different velocities. They came into collision. In the course of that collision, many particles struck together, got heated, and began to give out light. Then both swarms got into a state of considerable agitation, the denser swarm and the lesser swarm naturally giving out light under different conditions. Facts which we have observed in the star tell us that one swarm has already put on an appearance with which we are familiar in certain 'stars' which are not stars at all in the same sense in which we regard the sun as a star. The other swarm has also put on an appearance with which we are also conversant. We have, in fact, two spectra from two different swarms. In our studies, we have to separate them and refer to their lines, and in this way determine the chemistry of the swarms, and by the difference in the position of the lines representing the same chemical elements we can calculate the velocity with which the impact took place. This velocity is something like seven hundred miles a second."

"How far off is the star?" was another question.

"It is no use to talk of hundreds of millions of miles, since such



MRS. MAESMORE MORRIS, WHO IS PLAYING THE PRINCESS FLAVIA IN MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S "RUPERT OF HENTZAU" COMPANY ON TOUR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBA.

position which astronomers mark by a straight line drawn from Alpha to Beta Persei.

Whence has it come? What does it mean?

Fancy, soaring into the unspoken realms, will give one answer; Fact, stern, relentless, suggests another.

What mind but will leap back and seize upon that wonderfully suggestive line in which Calphurnia foreshadowed the death of her Imperial Lord?

Hard on the death of the mightiest Monarch, the best-beloved ruler of the world,

THE NEW STAR BLAZED FORTH,

seen first in the Northern land she loved so well. Let Science deny, but how many will rejoice in the fantastic appropriateness of the idea to which the poetic soul gave utterance when, on learning that Victoria the greatly revered had died, he exclaimed, "To-night I shall look for a new star in the heavens!" Not less full of fantasy is the statement that Nova Persei is the brightest star which has appeared since 1604, when Nova Cassiopeia made its appearance only a few short months after good Queen Bess had ceased her labours for the kingdom that she loved so well.

Science snaps its fingers at the thought, of course—for who was there to record exactly what the brightness of that star was when the world was three centuries younger than it is?—and points to the fact that many Princes have died without attendant stars appearing in the skies.

Whence has it come?

figures convey no idea of space to the average mind. The chances are that the star is so far off that the things I have suggested may have happened a quarter or half-a-century ago, and the light has been travelling all that time in order to reach us. In other words, what we are seeing to-day is an evidence of what may have happened anywhere from twenty-five to fifty years ago, speaking very generally."

So speaks Science, and the mind of the ordinary individual stands still for a moment, and yet another moment still, in contemplating the idea that we are looking on the outcome of something that happened when old men were young and young men had not been born. Thus, with a breath SCIENCE BLOWS AWAY THE PRETTY FIGMENT OF THE IMAGINATION which the Elizabethan poet had built up not only for his own Queen but for ours.

"The Heavens themselves blaze forth the death of Princes." Believe it not; there is a sterner law than chronicling with fire millions of miles in extent, and thousands of millions of miles away, the passing from this earth of even the greatest of the great.

Meantime, looking up into the cloudless sky, we repeat the nursery-rhyme, while Science stands with searching eyes patiently putting together each single fact into its place in the grand mosaic of human knowledge; and Imagination, like a winged eagle, soaring upwards to the sun, tells us that, Science notwithstanding, there are thoughts we may think even though they have no foundation in fact and are too subtle for words to give them shape.

BENJAMIN-CONSTANT, THE DISTINGUISHED FRENCH PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

[FROM "THE SKETCH'S" PARIS CORRESPONDENT.]

FOR twenty minutes I had sat alone in the reception-room of M. Benjamin-Constant in the Rue Pigalle. It had been cold, rainy, and treacherous outside, but here there was the illusion of a mediæval castle. Lofty ceilings, an old-time chimney-piece, paintings and statues that refused to associate with the passing noisy hour; a dim, almost religious, kind of light through shaded windows. It seemed to me, as the minutes wore on, that I was the victim of some freak of the brain, and that, instead of having stepped out of never-sleeping Montmartre, I was in Holyrood Castle, or, in fact, anywhere where old-time calm is known. This day-dream was not cut short when

MADAME BENJAMIN-CONSTANT ENTERED.

Beautiful women without number I have seen in my time; but none can I recall that for grace and dignity could compare with her. Madame Benjamin-Constant is the incarnation of the popular idea of Mary Queen of Scots or Marie Antoinette. Her hair is snow-white, thrown into strong relief by her black trailing gown. Candidly, when I saw that beautiful woman and heard her musical voice, I was fairly enchanted, and seemed in dreamland. And the politeness and the exquisite taste which every moment she showed in taking me through the marvels of M. Constant's house; and the pleasure she evinced when I told her that I had seen the Pope, and that the portrait by her husband was a living one! When I left the hôtel, with an appointment for the morrow with M. Benjamin-Constant, the outdoor world seemed more cold and grey and muddy than on ordinary days.

It was a merciless afternoon when I arrived at the studio at Neuilly. The Master himself opened the door; but the brilliant colours from a dozen corners, which seemed like so many glimpses of heaven in comparison with the bare trees and the shivering laurels in the garden, lost some of their brilliancy when M. Benjamin-Constant declined to be interviewed.

"Ask me what questions you like in writing, and I will reply. I am too frequently misrepresented in interviews."

I assured him, as we chatted, that never in my life had I used a pencil in interviewing, and that all I asked was a stroll through the studio and the ordinary chat of the ordinary man. I passed unstinted praise on a picture in a remote corner—a study of an old man.

"I am so glad you praised it," he said, "because I agree with you. It is not by me, but by a lady, and, in my opinion, is as fine a portrait-study as I have ever seen."

Contrast this from the world's master-portrait-painter with the petty jealousies of the small fry!

"And the Queen?" I hazarded.

"The dead Queen!" he said softly; for death has been equally cruel to the Master in the loss of his son as to the British nation. For a moment he reflected, and then said—

"I shall never forget that cold morning-ride to Windsor with my

picture that *The Illustrated London News* is to publish. I was timid and nervous to a degree that some accident would happen to it. I even dreamed of an accident. It was a cold, raw morning, and it was even difficult to see the Castle. It seemed to me that the faint, fog-struck outline increased its beauty, for never have I seen anything so beautiful in its sombre tones. I risked a rebuff by arriving before the appointed hour, hoping that it would be an excuse to visit those marvellous Art Galleries. I succeeded, and the courtesy of the officials was astounding. How I enjoyed that quiet walk among your great Masters! It was the ideal walk for the artist. There was complete silence in the Castle, and even the soft chiming of the clocks in different chambers seemed harsh. Her Majesty entered, punctual to the second, and I felt nervous, which is rare with me. The picture of the Queen, as it remains in my mind, is that of a snow-white-haired lady, saluting me with the bow of the head that suggested authority, and, at the same time, perfect and majestic

courtesy. She leant heavily on the arm of her Hindoo servant, and measured each footstep with her stick. She was a born ruler, a born mistress of detail. She regarded the picture for a few moments before speaking, and then, after a quiet smile of recognition, she called me to her side, and pointed out that the perfect blue of one of the decorations had not its full hue. I suggested humbly that the effect of light on blue gave it a greenish tint; but Her Majesty insisted, and it has been done as she wished. I can see her turning for the last time to look at the picture from a distance, and then, as though pleased—if I may say so—giving me a friendly, even smiling, bow of recognition. She was a splendid woman!"

The conversation lagged, for M. Benjamin-Constant was much affected, and we stopped from time to time at various studies without speaking. He broke silence almost gaily with, "Now, what do you think of that?" and I stood before the portrait of Queen Alexandra of England.

"But, cher Maître, that is a picture, not a portrait!"

"No, no! It is a portrait, and, then, does not do justice to the model. Your Queen can never grow old—she has perennial youth and perpetual beauty. Ah, what a Sovereign!" And then, with a quiet laugh, he added, "Sometimes, when I visited

Buckingham Palace, she kept me waiting for a quarter of an hour, and I was glad of it, for her apology was so charming and her manner so delightful that I could never have had the heart even to look cross. On one occasion, Her Majesty said to me, in the most exquisite French, 'Cher Maître, I cannot understand why you are not nervous. You paint on so quietly, and never make a series of useless apologies when you ask me to change a position. So many painters do that.' All I could reply was, 'Will you permit me to say that I am a simple workman in your Highness's employ?' 'You!' she said, with a laugh."

One thing I spoke of, and it was one of the points that my poor friend Gleeson White always insisted upon, and that was the heavy gold frame in public exhibitions. Benjamin-Constant had put the portrait of the Queen in black, with just a touch of gold here and there.

"Certainly," he said, "I agree with you. The present arrangement of Salons and National Galleries is ridiculous and inartistic. You are confronted with a blaze of tawdry gilding that renders any appreciation of colour impossible."

H. J. P.



M. BENJAMIN-CONSTANT, THE DISTINGUISHED FRENCH PORTRAIT-PAINTER.



MISS MARIE STUDHOLME, THE ATTRACTIVE "MESSENGER GIRL," AT THE GAIETY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALEKY, BAKER STREET, W

SOME PRINCIPALS IN "TWELFTH NIGHT," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE great success of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's really beautiful production of Shakspeare's fanciful comedy at Her Majesty's Theatre and the reproduction herewith of some of the principals' portraits afford *The Sketch* an opportunity of giving a more detailed appreciation of the thoroughly artistic manner in which the players severally and together enact their parts. Of

MR. TREE'S MALVOLIO

much has been said in the Press and by the playgoing public. The more critical have suggested that the letter scene is too long-drawn-out, and that a certain amount of unnecessary and not very funny business is interpolated. But even the more critical are bound to admit that Malvolio, as played by the actor-manager at Her Majesty's, is a whimsical, humorous figure, always intelligent and always deeply interesting. A portrait of Mr. Tree in his present part will be found on another page. To the beauty, ability, and charm of

MISS LILY BRAYTON

The Sketch has already paid tribute, and the details of this fortunate young lady's brief but brilliant theatrical career will be found fully set

figure and a good voice—two invaluable qualifications for the successful rendering of romantic parts. To these Mr. Taber adds feeling, earnestness, and intelligence, so that it may safely be presumed that he will yet climb still higher on the ladder of fame.

MR. NORMAN FORBES

plays Sir Andrew Aguecheek, a part that, by slight exaggeration, may easily be transformed into mere buffoonery of the music-hall comedian order. But an unfailing sense of the fitness of things, combined with the artistic excellence that comes from careful training and much real labour, helps him to keep within those limits that the traditions of a famous part in a famous comedy have defined. Both in the duel and the drinking scenes his acting leaves nothing to be desired.

MISS ZEFFIE TILBURY

plays Maria, that shrewd and pert waiting-maid whose playful tricks are the source of so much misery to poor Malvolio. A few details of Miss Tilbury's career—a subject which has not yet been treated of in *The Sketch*—are certainly justified by her capital playing at Her Majesty's.

Miss Zeffie Tilbury is a striking proof of heredity of talent, for this bright daughter of the once enormously popular Lydia Thompson achieved histrionic success at a very early age. She made her first appearance on the stage at the Prince's Theatre (now Prince of Wales's),



MR. LIONEL BROUGH AS SIR TOBY BELCH.



MR. COURTICE POUNDS AS FESTE.

From Photographs by Histed, Baker Street, W.

forth in recent Numbers of this paper. Suffice it to say here that each performance of her part of Viola finds her winning over fresh and enthusiastic adherents. It is also interesting to know that Miss Brayton is in no way spoiled by her tremendous success.

It is difficult to conceive a better presentment of the genial and bibulous Sir Toby Belch than the one that is now being given by

MR. LIONEL BROUGH.

Humour, restraint, subtlety, and a perfect technique—these are the attributes that Mr. Brough brings to his work, and the value of his playing in the fine old comedy can scarcely be overestimated.

Another of the great successes of the production is the altogether delightful performance of

MR. COURTICE POUNDS AS THE CLOWN.

Mr. Pounds has long been known to London playgoers as a first-rate singer and an actor in not very difficult musical-comedy parts. But in "Twelfth Night" he shows that he has artistic sense far above the requirements of musical farce, or even comic opera.

MR. ROBERT TABER

has seldom, if ever, played better than he does in the part of Orsino, Duke of Illyria. Here is a man who has to thank Nature for a fine

playing in such well-contrasted pieces as "The Palace of Truth," "Called Back," "The Private Secretary" (with Mr. Tree as the original London Rev. Robert Spalding), and the never-since-heard-of "Breaking a Butterfly," which Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and the late Mr. Henry Herman based upon Ibsen's play, "A Doll's House," several years before that play was imported in its entirety from Norway. She next represented important characters in

THE "WINTER'S TALE,"

"Pygmalion and Galatea," "Fazio," &c., both in England and America, with Miss Mary Anderson. About this time, Miss Tilbury became the wife of Mr. Arthur Lewis, the actor-manager, and presently returned to America, where she "starred" for ninety weeks "without a break," producing in that time no fewer than thirty-three plays. On returning to England, she became associated with Miss Kate Vaughan at Terry's Theatre. A few months ago, Miss Tilbury was sent for by

MESSRS. LEWIS WALLER AND WILLIAM MOLLISON

for their Lyceum season, and, directly they had secured her, Mr. Tree implored them to lend her to him for the part of Maria in "Twelfth Night," in place of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, who had been compelled to resign the part almost at the last moment.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "TWELFTH NIGHT," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

From Photographs by Histed, Baker Street, W.



MR. ROBERT TABER AS ORSINO.



MISS LILY BRAYTON AS VIOLA.



MISS ZEFFIE TILBURY AS MARIA.



MR. NORMAN FORBES AS SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

MR. R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.

THE GREAT ENGLISH BATTLE-PAINTER.

IT is a peculiarity of London that studios crop up in the most unexpected places. No one walking down Queen's Gate, between the stuccoed houses that contain no hint of the artistic, would suspect that behind one of those unpromising exteriors is the studio of the English battle-painter who is known all over the world for his



MR. CATON WOODVILLE, THE FAMOUS
BATTLE-PAINTER.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

pictures of the days of Marlborough, Wellington, Wolseley, and Roberts. In addition to his pictures of the Transvaal War, Mr. Woodville's splendid equestrian portrait of the King is now attracting an immense amount of attention, and is the portrait most sought after at the present moment.

"His Majesty," said Mr. Woodville, referring to this work, "has great artistic powers, and his criticisms are of the highest value. His eye for detail is marvellous, and he can detect in a moment the slightest error in any matter of military uniforms. Usually, in soldiers' portraits, the ribbons and decorations are put in in a hazy and indistinct kind of way; but such careless work does not do for His Majesty. All the decorations which the King wears in his portrait are accurately drawn, the colours of the ribbons are correct, and all are in their proper order."

Few men are so modest about their achievements, or so reluctant to talk about them, as Mr. Woodville. What he chiefly loves to talk about, especially with a fellow-traveller, are his adventures in out-of-the-way parts of the world, for, as a battle-painter should, the artist has sought inspiration in such countries as Egypt, Albania, and Morocco. The present writer will never forget an evening he spent with Mr. Woodville in Ramazan, at the house of an Albanian Bey, a prominent member of the once famous League. We had smoked innumerable cigarettes and drunk many-coloured sherbet till we were tired, and even the native dancer who performed a sword-dance to the monotonous droning of Gipsy music was becoming wearisome. Something was wanted to prevent the evening dying of inanition, and, as usual, Mr. Woodville was able to supply that something. Taking a pin from his scarf, he pricked his left thumb just below the nail, and, taking out his handkerchief, wrapped it round his thumb and squeezed out a drop of blood. Then, opening his pocket-knife, he drew it slowly across his thumb, until it looked as if there was a huge gash just below the nail, and as if he had mutilated his hand.

The Bey, who was seated beside us, caught sight of this self-inflicted wound, and loudly expressed his wonder. Instantly the musicians were forgotten, and Beys, aghas, buluk-bashis, and their wild-looking followers crowded unpleasantly round us to look at the wonderful Frank. Having secured his audience, Mr. Woodville showed his wounded thumb to the throng, and then, suddenly twisting his handkerchief round and over the gash, exhibited his thumb whole and without a wound. There was a gasp of astonishment, and the Albanians fell back from us rather as if they thought us unholy magicians, while the Bey, anxious to appear omniscient, explained to the audience how Franks did that sort of thing for fun of an evening.

The musicians were just re-establishing their claims to attention, when there came a yell from the far corner of the room. The whole crowd surged over to that point, and found the Bey's eldest son, a boy of eleven, sawing away at the top of his thumb with an old yataghan, which was snatched from him by a retainer just in time to save him from going through life with a maimed left hand. After this, the Bey's hospitality was as magnificently courteous as ever, but there was a suspicion of chilliness about it.

But up in the interior, among the mountains, there was quite as much danger as fun. Mr. Woodville recalls how, when up in the Goussigne-Plava district, the most disturbed and unruly part of Albania in the worst days of the League, he and his companion, who were lodging at the house of a Roman Catholic priest, heard a band of sinister ruffians debating some knotty point outside. The subject of the discussion was explained to be, "Should the intruding Franks be killed in the house, or should they be allowed to come out and then be shot?" The Franks in question do not know to this day how the debate ended, or why it was that they were not shot either inside or outside the house; but certain it is that they got away, with some haste, it is true, but without injury.

It is, no doubt, adventures such as these which give such actuality to Mr. Woodville's work. He does not paint from hearsay, but from the knowledge of what it is to be in a tight place occasionally. And this no one can doubt who looks at the vigour of his pictures. W. P.

FAMOUS SWEDISH SKATERS.

THE honour of producing the most brilliant amateur figure-skaters of both sexes of the period belongs to Sweden, and it is a pleasure to me to be able to reproduce a photograph of Mr. Henning Grenander and Miss Ragnhild Nissen, the two champion skaters who have so nobly upheld the traditions of their native country. Both have achieved the highest pinnacle of fame, and neither has ever known what it was to suffer defeat.

Mr. Grenander was born at Sköfde, in 1873, and in 1887 made his first appearance in public by carrying off the first prize in the School Competition at Stockholm, which success he followed up by appropriating first prizes in the Junior Competitions at various other towns in Sweden, until he reached the age of sixteen, and thus became eligible to compete for the Swedish and European Championships. He won the Swedish Championship in 1890, and held it until he came to this country as a medical student in 1897. At the age of nineteen he represented Sweden in the European Championship at Berlin in 1893, and this was by far his best achievement. The competition was reduced to a match between him and Engelmann, the most famous exponent of the Austrian school of skating, and who had shown himself far superior to all who had attempted to wrest from him the title of "European Champion" until he met Mr. Grenander. Both held unbeaten records, and the excitement was intense, for it was in reality a trial of strength between the Austrian and Swedish schools of skating, with the judges predisposed in favour of Austria, consisting, as they did, of two Austrians, one Hungarian, three Germans, and only one Swede. Engelmann trusted to the same figures which had pulled him through on many occasions, and over which he had complete mastery, and it was a feather in Grenander's cap that he literally compelled judges who were unfavourable towards him to give him credit for the strength and grace with which he executed the most difficult movements. The dash and brilliancy of the Swedish style cast the steady, quiet, machine-like movement of the Austrian school completely in the shade, and Grenander was returned the winner.

In 1894 he carried off the International Championship of Berlin, and then crowned himself with glory by winning the World's Figure-Skating Championship in 1898. The competition was held in London, and was graced by the presence of His Majesty the King, then the Prince of Wales, who is ever ready to countenance all kinds of manly sport.

Miss Nissen is a wonderful figure-skater, and little, if at all, the inferior of Mr. Grenander, though her repertoire is necessarily somewhat limited. Her skill and ability are, no doubt, largely due to the fact that she and Grenander studied the art of skating together, and were frequently called upon to give exhibitions for the pleasure of King Oscar, the Crown Prince, and other Royalties.

Miss Nissen, as a schoolgirl, won the silver medal offered by the Stockholm Skating Club in 1891 for the best lady skater in Sweden, and, in fact, whenever she competed for it. In 1892, she and Mr. Grenander were awarded the gold badge for pair-skating, and the Press spoke of the performance as being elegance itself and highly deserving of the ovation which it occasioned.

It should be mentioned that, on his first appearance in England, Mr. Grenander was publicly presented with a gold medal and made an Honorary Life Member of the National Skating Association, and, after winning the World's Championship, the Swedish Skating Club awarded him the highest honour it could confer, namely, a gold medal with the inscription, "For his services to his country as a skater." C. H.



MISS NISSEN AND MR. GRENANDER,
CHAMPION AMATEUR FIGURE-SKATERS.

Photo by Klemming, Stockholm.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such contributors the necessity for ensuring **ABSOLUTE ACCURACY** in the matters of **NAMES** and **DATES**, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.



MISS WINIFRED HARE AS MDLLE. LANGE IN "LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT," ON TOUR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO AUSTRALIA.

STOPPING-PLACES EN VOYAGE.

FROM the fact that it will be the first stopping-place of the *Ophir* and its Royal voyagers on their journey to the Antipodes, Gibraltar is being favoured at the present moment with an amount of public attention that is somewhat new to it.

Concerning the "Rock" and the mode of life of its inhabitants, a remarkably large number of misconceptions are extant. One of the



EUROPA POINT, GIBRALTAR.

most deeply rooted of these is the one held by the Spaniards dwelling on the adjacent mainland, and which is to the effect that

THE SPLENDID NATURAL FORTRESS OF "GIB."

is only in "temporary possession of the British." At any rate, it is in this manner that the "Rock" is always referred to by the residents in the neighbouring towns of Algeciras, La Linea, Campamento, and San Roque, when they apply for permission to trade within its gates.

A second delusion—and one which is accepted by a very large number of our own countrymen—is that Gibraltar is absolutely devoid of vegetation, and is, further, possessed of a climate akin to that of a region that is not usually alluded to in polite society. Nothing, however, could be more removed from the truth. As a matter of fact, Gibraltar is particularly well off in respect of trees and flowers, no less than four hundred and fifty-six distinct species being indigenous thereto, and all being carefully cultivated. During the months of June, July, and August, certainly, the upper slopes of the "Rock" are apt to be burnt by the sun to a distinctly khaki tint, but with the lower ones this is by no means the case. These, indeed, are covered practically all the year round with a quite luxuriant growth of shrubs and creepers.

THE PUBLIC GARDENS.

too, are beautifully laid out, and would compare very favourably with almost any on a similar scale in England. The open-air concerts there are delightful.

So, too, with regard to its climate, which, instead of being the distinctly objectionable one of common opinion, is, in reality, during one portion of the year of a pleasant description. Fogs, frost, and snow are alike practically unknown, while the ever-present Mediterranean breezes prevent even the hottest summer months from being unduly trying. Better proof than any, however, of this contention is furnished by the fact that the local death-rate is remarkably low.

To the sightseer, Gibraltar's chief attraction undoubtedly lies in

ITS FAMOUS "GALLERIES"

These consist of two tiers, cut into the solid rock at a height of several hundred feet above the level of the sea, and extending for about two and a-half miles in length. At intervals of every ten or twelve yards is an embrasure, behind which is mounted a powerful gun. By these the harbour and bay below or the Spanish mainland opposite can be swept at will, and without the artillerists working them being exposed to the slightest danger. A large amount of ammunition is also stored in these galleries.

THE GUNS.

however, by which the "Rock" is protected against the possibility of another siege are not contained solely in the galleries. As a matter of fact, a large number of its most modern ones are mounted in batteries that have been constructed in places where one would not in the least expect to find anything of the sort. The amateur explorer, for example, may be walking along a secluded pathway in the Public Gardens, when he suddenly comes upon the muzzle of a huge piece of ordnance half-concealed by a mass of shrubs and creepers. To render it as inconspicuous as possible, the weapon is, in all probability, painted to harmonise with its surroundings. Detailed examination of an innocent-looking flower-bed, too, in another quarter may reveal the fact that it masks the entrance to a powder-magazine.

Owing to its vast importance as a fortress, Gibraltar is

PROVIDED WITH A STRONG GARRISON.

This consists, as a rule, of about five thousand troops, the majority of whom are artillerymen. They are quartered either in barracks on the "Rock" itself, or in huts just outside the barrier-gates at the northern end that divide British from Spanish territory. Concerning these huts, by the way, there is a local tradition that they were originally constructed in the military dark ages, for use in the Crimea, but were shipped to Gibraltar by mistake. This, however, is very possibly a libel on the War Office.

In addition to its military, and consequently permanent, population, Gibraltar has a large and fluctuating one of a purely civilian nature. The majority of this is comprised of Spaniards employed as labourers in the docks. These enter the fortress each morning at daybreak, and leave again at sunset. The number of shopkeepers and persons engaged in commerce of every description living in the town amounts to several thousands. They are only permitted to remain in residence, however, with the consent of the military authorities, and, in the

event of their misconducting themselves in any way, they are liable to be ordered to take themselves off at a moment's notice.

The affairs of Gibraltar, both military and civil, are administered by

GENERAL SIR GEORGE WHITE, V.C.,

who recently succeeded Sir Robert Biddulph as Governor of the fortress. His official residence is known as the "Convent," from the fact that it is erected on the site of a building which once sheltered a religious Order. In its rooms are a number of interesting mementoes of the sieges sustained by the "Rock" in 1704 and 1779. Not the least of the "Convent's" attractions, however, is the large garden attached to it.

MALTA AND ONWARDS.

Tremendous preparations are being made in Malta just now to accord a right Royal welcome to the *Ophir* and its distinguished passengers, on the occasion of their approaching visit to the island. The rumour, however, that one of the natives was seen to purchase



GARDENER'S BATTERY, ALAMEDA, GIBRALTAR.

a cake of soap the other day lacks official corroboration. Among the projected festivities are a firework display, a review of the naval and military forces, and a ball at the Palace by way of conclusion. This place is the residence of the Governor. It is a large and handsome building, situated in the Strada Reale, or principal street of Valetta.

Malta's chief claim to notoriety rests upon the fact that it was on its shores that

ST. PAUL WAS SHIPWRECKED.

The scene of the occurrence is still known as "St. Paul's Bay." In its vicinity is a camp where a portion of the garrison is quartered.



ENTRANCE TO THE GRAND HARBOUR, MALTA.

Valetta, the capital of the island, is a town of some size, and is very densely populated. The ideas of its residents on the subject of sanitation are a little primitive, and are probably responsible for a good deal of the fever that ever exists in Malta. Owing to the fact that it is the

HEADQUARTERS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET,

there is generally plenty of gaiety going on in the island. This is especially the case at the present time of year, when balls, concerts, and theatricals are of daily—or rather, nightly—occurrence.

In addition to being an important Naval station, Malta is also entitled to consideration as a very powerful fortress. Practically, indeed,

THE ISLAND IS IMPREGNABLE,

for not only does its magnificent "Grand Harbour" bristle with forts and batteries, but its shores are further protected by a series of submarine mines that has been laid down of recent years. A strong garrison is maintained in Valetta, where there are also two locally raised regiments, the Royal Malta Militia and the Malta Fencibles.

A Malta Correspondent in sending the Views adds—

"As the Season at Malta has been a particularly quiet one, on account of the general mourning, the inhabitants, both Maltese and English, are looking forward with excitement to the visit of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, who are expected on the 25th inst. and stay till the 27th. Prince George made himself very popular during his visit here, now a good many years ago. The Maltese Council have voted liberal estimates for decorations, &c.; the Fleet is to be illuminated at night, and a naval and military fête has been planned, as well as, of course, the usual reception at the Palace.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GRAND HARBOUR

shows the entrance where the Royal Yacht will pass, accompanied by H.M.S. *Renown* (Admiral Sir John Fisher's flag-ship) and the rest of the welcoming squadron, which, according to present arrangements, is to meet it at Gibraltar."

FROM MALTA TO COLOMBO

is, perhaps, the longest uninterrupted run to be traversed by the Royal travellers. At this time of year the climate of the Red Sea is fairly bearable; still, it has been well said that no mariner knows what the Red Sea has in store for him. Of course, the Duke is quite familiar with this most treacherous of seas, and it is to be hoped that the Duchess of Cornwall and York will look back to this period of her journey with less annoyance than do most of those of her fellow-countrymen who go to and from India each year.

LOYAL TEA-LAND.

Colombo, the capital of Tea-Land, as Ceylon has been aptly styled, is exceptionally loyal, and their Royal Highnesses are sure of a really brilliant reception. Sir West Ridgeway is a clever organiser, and no one can doubt that, thanks to his efforts, our future King and Queen's short sojourn in Colombo will greatly intensify the loyalty for which the natives of the charming island are famed, though the near proximity of the Boer prisoners will doubtless touch the Duchess's kind heart.

THE GATE OF THE FAR EAST.

Just a week after anchoring at Colombo, the *Ophir* will touch at Singapore. Many years have gone by since "Prince George," as a

bright-faced midshipman, visited the quaint town which overlooks one of the greatest ports in the world, but some of the older British residents will remember the pleasant impression which he then made on those who were privileged to show him the sights of the little island. Of all the places marked in the Royal tour already known to the Duke of Cornwall and York, Singapore is probably the least changed since his last visit.

"ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA!"

The first week in May will see the *Ophir* anchored off Melbourne, the splendid capital of Victoria, where really superb arrangements are being made in view of their Royal Highnesses' visit. But Melbourne is not to be allowed to entirely absorb the attention of the future Sovereign and his Consort. Brisbane, as the Capital of Queensland, will receive a due share of attention, as will Sydney, where the Royal travellers arrive early in June.

A NEW ZEALAND JUNE.

The month which seems to be equally delightful in all parts of the world will be spent by their Royal Highnesses in New Zealand—Auckland, Wellington, Lyttelton, and Dunedin being visited in turn. On July 2, loyal Hobart, the Capital of Tasmania, will have the pleasure of welcoming the Duke and Duchess; while five days will be spent by them at Adelaide, the beautiful Capital of South Australia.

A PICTURESQUE ISLAND.

The three days spent at Mauritius are likely to be of special interest and pleasure to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, and their Royal Highnesses will have many an opportunity of airing their excellent French, for this most picturesque of British possessions, though originally Dutch, and actually named after Prince Maurice of Nassau, was for a long time in the possession of France, and the island has remained quite curiously French, being governed by the Code Napoléon, while names that seem of purely Parisian origin are to be found in the list of British Government officials.

A GLIMPSE OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Their Royal Highnesses will catch only a glimpse of South Africa, for, arriving at Durban on Aug. 13, they will leave Cape Town on the 22nd of the same month, and five days later will find the *Ophir* anchored off Ascension Island, famous for its turtles, some of which are periodically brought home by His Majesty's warships for the use of the Royal Family. The population of Ascension, who number only a hundred and sixty-six souls, are naturally greatly flattered at being singled out for a Royal visit, and already some very amusing and pathetic rather than absurd stories of what Ascension means to do in honour of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York have leaked out to the outside world.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC TO CANADA.

On Sept. 15 the Royal party will arrive at Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, where a couple of days will be spent; thence they will probably proceed to Newfoundland, the oldest of British Colonies.

"OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS."

The *Ophir* will anchor off Quebec on Sept. 20, and the Duke and Duchess will spend just over a month in the Dominion. Some uncertainty still exists concerning their Royal Highnesses' tour in Canada, for each of the larger towns desires to catch a glimpse, however fleeting, of the Royal pair, while in America great disappointment is expressed that the Duke of Cornwall and York, so far, does not intend to follow the example

H.M.S. *Ramillies*.

H.M.S. *Illustrions*.

H.M.S. *Cresar*.



H.M.S. *Dido*. H.M.S. *Isis*. H.M.S. *Revenge*. H.M.S. *Andromeda*. H.M.S. *Renown*.

THE GRAND HARBOUR, MALTA.

set him, some forty years ago, by his august father, who, as "Baron Renfrew," spent many happy days in the States, proceeding thence from Canada.

HOME ONCE MORE.

By Nov. 1 their Royal Highnesses hope to be home once more, and from now till then the whole Empire will watch their progress with keen interest and sympathy, wishing them a good journey and a happy home-coming to Old England.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS ALICE HUGHES, GOWER STREET.



THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK IN FANCY-DRESS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, NEW BOND STREET, W., AND DUBLIN.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Spring Shows—Compulsory Weather—Natural Features Made to Measure—Sea-Voyages by Stop-Watch—Suzerainty and its Discomforts—Holidays and their Manufacture.

FOR some inexplicable reason, the British public thinks itself horsey, and, on still more obscure grounds, it considers itself agricultural, and therefore feels bound, at any inconvenience, to devote the spring to "shows." The population of Islington as at this time is enormously increased by an alien immigration. The Londoner at considerable expense buys knee-breeches, gaiters, and a knowing-looking peaked cap (to which with an hour or two's hard work he gives a weather-beaten appearance). He chews a straw which he has kept secreted on his person for the purpose, and achieves triumphs in concealing his ignorance about the supercilious, overfed horses, and the conceited dogs, nurtured in snobbery, which will be put into their curl-papers and carried back to the hot-house when the day's "work" is over. They are, of course, absolutely useless (this is the hall-mark of aristocratic lineage) except to breed other prize-winners. They win untold wealth by simply having taken the trouble to be born.

"Naturam expellas furcâ," said Horace. Read "machinâ" as a *varia lectio* for "furcâ," and it is true to-day. We have expelled Nature by machinery—the inventions on view at these Agricultural Exhibitions prove it—but it will not "come back." A few days ago, a coy American paper stated that duty compelled it to allude to the fact that within an hour of its appeal for rain being published people had to raise their umbrellas! With a few more improvements in the "agricultural implements," we may find rustics toiling in adjacent fields with rival rain-makers and sunshine-developers, employed by opposition newspapers which have prophesied "Some Showers" and "Continued Bright Weather" respectively and have to keep up prestige by making their predictions come true at any expense. Yet inventors must find the profession very disheartening. As soon as a mechanical triumph is brought to perfection, it is time for it to be "relegated to the museum." It is to be so immediately with the steam-engine and the wireful telegraph, and—let us hope—with the telephone.

London has of late been a good deal harrowed (in two senses) by the ploughing of the arable land in Piccadilly and the Strand. Now the County Council—and the County Council can do no wrong—proposes developing our agricultural tastes still farther by introducing butterflies into parks under their jurisdiction. With the imprisoning of salmon in the Thames, this might be followed up by the removal of the Law Courts to make room for a model dairy and holding a Harvest Home in Ludgate Circus. To give a breezy agricultural tone to the Metropolis, I suggest: engagement of a hundred thousand official earthworms, erection of municipal birds'-nests (preserved) in all the public trees, and issue of compulsory bats at nightfall when the County Council bands begin to play.

As for inventions, what would Captain Cook or Christopher Columbus have said to arranging a Royal tour over the globe so as to end in time for breakfast in England eight months ahead? Or of entrusting the Heir to the Throne to the high seas with the assurance that he is slightly safer there than in Marlborough House? What would the traveller of fifty years ago have said, who laid in a sack of provisions and made his will before crossing to Ireland?

It is thought by the empty-headed that the life of Royalty is one round of Pleasure. But is it really Pleasure to live in that "fierce light that beats upon a Throne"? The Duke of Cornwall's voyage is one which few private people would care to undertake. Eight months at sea, anywhere, is trying enough. But everyone who has done long sea-voyaging will know the return route of the Royalties to be one almost unheard of—against the trade-winds, in mid-winter (as it will be in Southern latitudes then), and on the peculiarly monotonous and uncomfortable course from Australia to Canada *via* the Cape. "He rose every morning at daybreak" has been observed to occur in the lives of most successful men and nearly all Royalties. Let me be humble!

Two points may be assumed—that Cape Town would have been visited first but for the War, and that the latter is confidently expected to be over by August (when the Royal party will arrive there), as, indeed, the Army Estimates have led us to expect. Of the whole eight or nine months, only some three and a-half will be spent on shore. Reaching Melbourne will take nearly two, and the Duchess must have exercised great self-control in ordering dresses which, in the rapidity of the present age, should be by that time so superseded as to be almost historical costumes. An enterprising composer is said to have perpetrated a "God Bless the Duke of Cornwall and York"—the title has a stirring swing about it—for the tour, but, of course, the National Anthem will be the correct thing.

The Australian working-man is supposed to spend about half the week in national holidays—men who have never been in Ireland, and never will be, celebrate St. Patrick's Day apoplectically and talk treason in the most patriotic way. A few more universal days of rest will be supplied by the Accession of the King and the Duke's tour—and the anniversaries of every "big thing" the Australians took part in at "the Front," and, no doubt, there are many.

HILL ROWAN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

REFERRED, some weeks ago, to the entirely new translation of Tolstoy's works which is in active preparation for early publication. I now hear that Mr. Grant Richards is responsible for this great enterprise, and that the first volumes may be expected late this year. Would it not be possible for some publisher to arrange at the same time for a uniform edition of Ibsen? Messrs. Walter Scott are bringing out the Plays published by them under the editorship of Mr. William Archer; but the later Plays have been issued in a different format, and I think I am right in saying that quite a number of Ibsen's earlier works—interesting in themselves, and particularly interesting as showing the development of his genius—have never been published in this country.

There can be no doubt that the sixpenny edition has come to stay. I hear that almost every publisher in London is making preparations to issue sixpenny editions of popular works during the coming months, and it is expected that the booksellers at seaside resorts will stock them very largely. Among the most interesting reprints promised are "No. 5, John Street," "My Lady Nicotine," "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," and "Concerning Isabel Carnaby."

It is not likely that Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler will have a new long novel ready for publication for some time, but she has collected a number of her short stories, which Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish in April under the title of "Sirius, and Other Stories."

A week or two since, I drew attention to a strongly worded protest by Mr. Maurice Thompson against the efforts of American publishers to foist new editions of his books on the public under the guise of "New Works by the Author of 'Alice of Old Vincennes,'" a novel which has had an extraordinary success in the United States. The announcement has a tragic sequel, for Mr. Maurice Thompson died a week or two since. It is a strange coincidence that the authors of the two most successful recent novels in America, Mr. E. N. Westcott, the author of "David Harum," and Mr. Maurice Thompson, died, one at the very height of his popularity, the other just before his book was issued.

Mdlle. Lucie Félix Faure, the daughter of the late President of the French Republic, has just published a remarkable book on Cardinal Newman which is creating considerable interest in France.

Before the passing of the International Copyright Act, English publishers had grievance enough against the American pirates, but nowadays a reasonable amount of care and foresight has rendered piracy practically impossible. It is curious, however, that neither "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" nor "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters" was copyrighted in America, so that pirated editions by the score are selling in the States. One of the pirates, however, has been badly caught. In the second edition of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" new matter was added, and this was copyrighted, and an action is being brought against another publisher who reprinted this new edition. By the way, I see that an illustrated edition of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" is promised for early publication. Surely we shall then be able to identify the author.

Has the mantle of Elijah really fallen upon Mr. Zangwill? Everyone who read his last novel must have come to the conclusion that the story was, at least, suggested by the South African War; but, as a matter of fact, it may be said that history plagiarised Mr. Zangwill, for the novel was conceived and worked out long before the outbreak of the War, and it is more than two years since Mr. Zangwill began the book. It will be remembered, too, that in Mr. Zangwill's first book, "The Premier and the Painter," there were certain very curious political forecasts, which have been to a great extent fulfilled.

I think the following is a new story about Mark Twain. It appears that, to while away the time on board one of the Atlantic Liners, an action was brought against Mark Twain as the greatest liar on earth. A well-known New York Judge tried the case, and the evidence for the most part was from "The Innocents Abroad," "Puddinghead Wilson," and other "tall" stories. After an impartial trial, the Jury found the prisoner guilty, and the Judge condemned him to read his own works for six hours daily until the boat reached her destination. The prisoner fell on his knees begging for mercy, which angered the Judge so that he inflicted an additional punishment on the unfortunate humorist—he was to transcribe and translate his name into German, and, instead of Mark Twain, he was to be known as "Bis-mar(c)k."

Mr. Eden Philpotts has arranged with Mr. Frohman for the dramatisation of his "Children of the Mist." He has changed the title of his new novel from "Johnnie Fortnight" to "The Good Red Earth." Johnnie Fortnight is the central figure in the story, an unctuous exp-dlar, lay-preacher, and hypocrite. Some of the incidents take place in the historic Compton Castle, famous in connection with Sir Walter Raleigh.

Here is the latest American criticism of Mr. Henry James's new novel—

An interesting puzzle for one who cares to see how a clever writer can hide the plot, expression, style, clearness, and force under the rubbish-heap of senseless words. It is no diamond cut diamond; it is rather the flashing diamond used to cut the muddy crystals which are full of flaws.

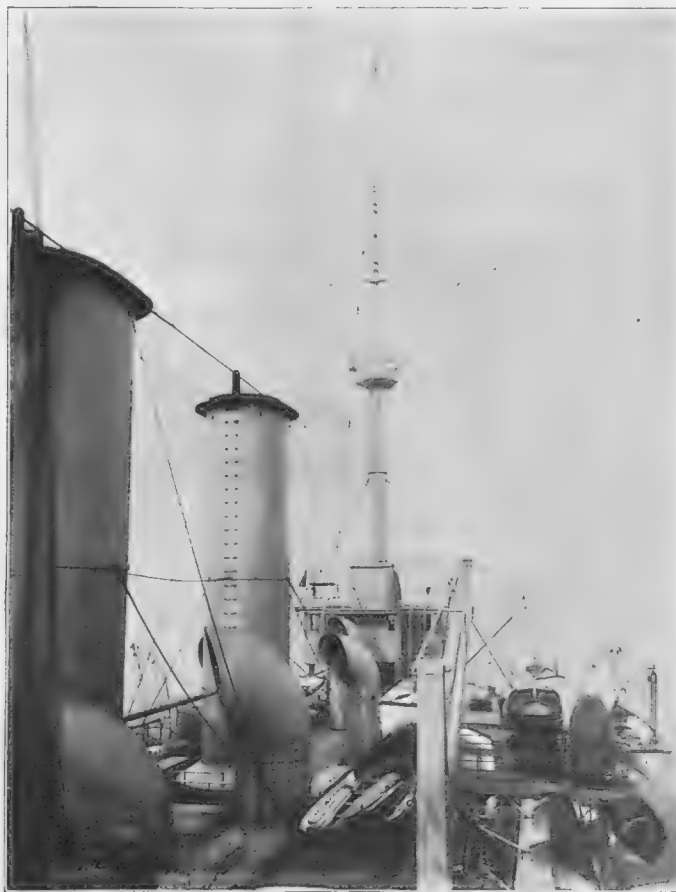
Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new book is to be called "Observations of Henry."

O. O.

MR. MARCONI AND WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

MR. MARCONI has recently left England on a short visit to America. Since his last visit to that country, some eighteen months ago, the young Irish-Italian inventor has made many remarkable improvements in his method of telegraphing without wires. At that time two United States warships, fitted with the Marconi apparatus, were able to communicate easily with each other over a distance of thirty-five miles. Now, a large number of ships in the British Navy are supplied with Marconi apparatus, with which they can maintain regular and effective communication over distances of eighty and ninety miles—that is to say, when invisible to each other below the horizon.

But quite recently—to be precise, on the first day of the reign of King Edward the Seventh—Mr. Marconi far surpassed all his previous achievements by sending telegraphic messages without wires from Penzance to the Isle of Wight, a distance of two hundred miles. This remarkable feat was accomplished by the newest form of his apparatus, which possesses the further most important advantage that messages despatched by it can be received only by the receiving instruments to which they are directed. Until Mr. Marconi's recent improvements, the great defect of wireless messages was the lack of privacy in the communications. A message sent from any place or ship could be picked up by anyone with a suitable receiver, and could also be jumbled up and rendered unintelligible by simply sending out other waves from an adjacent station. With the latest form of the Marconi apparatus this is



MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.
EXPERIMENTING IN NEW YORK HARBOUR FROM THE 150-FOOT HIGH MAST OF
AN AMERICAN CRUISER TO ANOTHER U.S. WARSHIP 35 MILES AWAY.

impossible. So perfect is the new system that between the Lizard and the Isle of Wight two simultaneous messages have been sent from each end, and, although there are thus four sets of ether waves in the intervening space at the same time, each message has been duly and correctly received and recorded by its proper instrument.

The object of Mr. Marconi's present visit to America is veiled in mystery. It can scarcely be to investigate his rival Tesla's supposed wireless messages from Mars. More probably the United States Navy, which is keenly interested in the subject of wireless telegraphy, and, no doubt, is anxious to witness a demonstration of the latest improvements, has something to do with his visit. Some of the papers have suggested that it is Mr. Marconi's intention to try to bridge the Atlantic and ruin the cable companies. But the young inventor—he is only twenty-six—is very modest, and always disclaims any such intention, although, since he has already multiplied twenty-fold the efficiency of his apparatus, there seems no reason why eventually this feat also should not be successfully accomplished.

People have of late been trying to take away the character of "Big Ben" in a most unjustifiable manner, for, of the many public servants of the city, he is really most scrupulously exact in the performance of his duties, which never cease by day or night. As a matter of fact, although the clock is subject to all the vicissitudes of our remarkably erratic climate, its accuracy is little short of marvellous. Day in and day out—week in and week out, in fact—the clock does not vary half a second a-day compared with Greenwich.



MR. MARCONI WORKING HIS WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY INSTRUMENT.



MISS ROSIE BOOTE'S FAREWELL AT THE GAIETY THEATRE: "MAISIE GETS RIGHT THERE!"

SKETCHED BY LEWIS BAUMER.



"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE IRISH NOW?": A SEASONABLE REMINDER

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

MRS. EGERTON'S SECRET

BY EDWARD F. SPENCE.



HE rustled into the room—a pretty little woman with splendid furs and a superbly cut cloth skirt. The physician, with a graceful wave of his well-manicured hand, pointed to a chair in a glaring light.

"Your name, if you please," he said, "and address?"

"I come to you," she answered, "because my nerves are out of order, and because"—she hesitated—"because I am told that you

are a man of the world as well as a great physician."

A quiet smile crept upon the pale face of the well-dressed man with an air of breeding, who was looking at her closely.

"I am afraid I must ask for an answer to my first question," he replied.

"Oh, I am Mrs. Williamson, 32, Manchester Square, and my husband is a barrister." She rattled this off glibly.

"I meant your *real* name." There was a long pause.

"You suggest that I—well, I don't think it necessary to tell you."

The famous physician rose and, bowing gravely, replied, "Then I imagine you do not think it necessary to consult me."

"Well, I am Mrs. Sinclair Egerton, and my husband—"

"Your husband is a brilliant politician with a large private income. I guessed from your manner that—"

She nodded. "It's my nerves," she said; "and I can't sleep, and I am fidgeted and worried, and I haven't slept a wink for weeks."

"Come, come!" he answered, with a pleasant smile; "it isn't quite so bad as that, or you would look a wreck, instead of looking charming. At least, would you oblige me?"—he got up and lifted the lid of a beautiful piece of old Amboyna furniture—"would you oblige me by raising your veil—veils like that are very bad for the eyes—and washing your face?"

She started.

"Oh!" he continued, "my little apparatus has got a powder-puff and things for you to use after our conversation."

His manner, though pleasant, was so full of force that she took off her gloves quickly, raised her veil, pressed a wet sponge over her face, then wiped it, and sat down meekly. He took her wrist—or rather, her pulse—and reckoned; then he made her stand up, and repeated the performance, after which he caused her to walk across the room and back three times, and studied her pulse again. He put a thermometer under her tongue whilst she was sitting down, noted its record; then put another under her tongue whilst she was standing up, and a third after she had walked up and down the room twice. He looked carefully at the tongue, and shook his head. He told her to open the bosom of her dress and took what a sailor would call "soundings," and after this, asked a number of customary questions, and, in a painstaking way, recorded everything in a book.

"Heart sound, lungs sound, pulse irregular, temperature easily affected, stomach wrong, liver doubtful."

"I have told you," she said, "I can't sleep at night, and I am worried and fidgeted, and I haven't slept a wink"—she paused, intimidated—"or I haven't slept well for a long time at night, and if I sleep in the daytime I awake with a bad headache."

"Why didn't you bring your ordinary doctor with you?"

"He doesn't understand my case, Doctor."

"My dear Madam, in most instances the general practitioner understands the case far better than the specialist; that is why we like patients to bring them to consultation and give us an opportunity of confirming their treatment. He has been giving you bromide, and bromide with hops"—she nodded again—"and you've been taking little things without his knowledge and by the advice of your friends." She blushed and nodded. "Did your digestion get bad before you had a difficulty in sleeping or after?"

"After."

"I'm sorry for that. It's easier to deal with nerves due to stomach than stomach due to nerves. How long have you been married?"

"Five years. No, we haven't any children. Yes, I'm very fond of my husband, and he's very fond of me. No, he hasn't any money troubles; I'm his only trouble."

"Happy man!" replied the physician, with a pretty smile; "and yet you now occupy separate rooms."

"How do you know that?" she asked sharply.

"I'm afraid," he replied, "that I can do little or nothing for you."

She got up haughtily.

"What do you mean, Doctor?"

"I mean, yours is not a medical case. We doctors can't really minister to a mind diseased; lawyers are generally better at that branch of science than we are. You have some secret that you are concealing from your husband. You are in great terror lest he should discover it, so great as to be even afraid that you will cry out the secret in the sleep which, if I am to take your statements as correct, you never enjoy."

"You are a brute!" said the pretty little woman, and big tears hung upon the long fringes of her dark-brown eyes, "and my lawyer is a brute too; and they told me you were a man of the world and awfully clever as a physician."

"My dear Madam, it's the business of the family practitioner to treat symptoms, and of the physician to deal with diseases. Your disease is neither mental nor physical, but moral, and belongs to the province of the spiritual or legal adviser. It is no use for me to try to treat the results of your disease, with your attack of indigestion, your difficulties in sleeping, or the unfashionable fur that disfigures the back of what ought to be a pretty little coral tongue. The lawyer and the priest will tell you to confess—the one to your husband, the other to himself. I can only tell you that though I gave you all the drugs that are known to science and all those with which we are experimenting upon hospital patients, I could only mitigate in a little degree your symptoms, without, of course, affecting the cause."

"Then I suppose I must tell you, Doctor, though you really are quite a——"

"Quite a brute?"

"Have you looked at me sufficiently? Very well." She got up and, walking to the Amboyna piece of furniture, powdered herself tranquilly, and marched back again.

"Of course, there's a secret; but I am not to blame—at least, not very much; and I know I ought to go to the lawyer, but lawyers are such—and I don't know any nice ones. Of course, I have a secret."

"Debt? No. Love affair before or after marriage?"

"Not exactly any of them, and I swear to you, Doctor——"

He interrupted: "You need not swear. I can guess whether you are telling the truth without that."

"About three years ago, Doctor."

"When your marriage did not seem brilliantly successful to either of you."

"How did you know that?"

"I generally find that, if there isn't a child in marriage, there are three periods: the period of unreasonable enchantment, the period of unjust disenchantment, and the period of reasonable re-enchantment. This applies to love-matches. Now, I know yours was a love-match, for your husband and I were old schoolfellows, and I followed his career with interest, though we have not met for many years. For his sake, I should be very glad to help, and, of course, for yours also. That period of disenchantment in your case was two years after the marriage."

She smiled and nodded. "Dick's an awfully good fellow," she said, "and I'm an awfully bad wife to him, and I would be better if I could; but he's frightfully, frightfully jealous, and awfully, awfully conscientious, and all that kind of thing. Now, at about that time, I met a man—please, I'd sooner not mention his name; it's not fair to him—at a country house. Dick was neglecting me a bit for politics, or I thought so, and the man was very good-looking and amusing and quite good form; and I was very silly, and, although I did not care twopence about him, I—I——"

"Had no objection to his caring fourpence about you."

"Of course, for a long time I never thought that he really had the impudence to hope that—well, you know what I mean—and, when I did, I was most indignant; but I couldn't tell him so, because he was too clever to give me a chance, poor fellow. Well, really, he was most persistent, and I believe that some of the nasty women he would not look at talked. And we had tastes in common—tastes for jewellery, furniture, and house-decoration, and all that sort of thing; and he wrote me some letters when I got to our place at Tunbridge; but, of course, I didn't ask him there. And then he came and stayed at Tunbridge Wells, at an hotel, and I got awfully worried and bothered."

"You didn't tell your husband?"

"Of course not! I had not really anything to tell. He used to meet me by accident on the Pantiles, and at several houses. Somehow, he went everywhere, though the men rather turned up their noses at him, except in the shooting season; and he didn't belong to any good Clubs. He seemed to have lots of money, but no one knew how he got it or who his people were. Dick was awfully busy: you know he had a sort of seat in the Government. Now, one night I heard from him—by him, of course, I mean Dick—that, although he wasn't expected home for several days, on account of Government business, he was returning suddenly because of a family bother, and would arrive at about one o'clock, so I had a little supper laid in my boudoir. Just at the time I was expecting him, I heard shrieks of 'Thieves! Murder!' I jumped up, ran to the door, and then stopped, frightened. My new maid ran into the room, looking quite scared, and stammered that she had seen burglars in my bedroom. A moment later there was a sound of firearms, so I fainted."

"A very wise stroke of policy," said the Doctor, with an impenetrable smile.

"When I came round, Dick was there, all wet with snow, and spoilt my new tea-gown, and said the burglar had pushed the maid, Rose, away, and begun to climb down the ladder which he had set against the window; the butler had rushed out very pluckily, and challenged the burglar, who had fired at him and missed, and so John—that's the butler—had pulled away the ladder, and the burglar fell some distance and broke his leg; and the footman and the butler collared him, and the



"Now, Cabby, you're quite sober, I hope?"
"Not quite, Mum; but the old 'orse is."

policeman came up, and so they took him down to the station. Of course, I was awfully frightened. You see, my diamonds—old Brazil stones in the family for a hundred years, and well known by everybody, and worth an awful lot—and my other jewellery were in the bedroom." She paused a moment.

"Yes," said the Doctor; "I have heard of the Egerton diamonds. Dick used to brag of them at school till his head got punched for gassing about them—"

"Well, nothing was stolen, and the burglar pleaded guilty and got ten years; and Dick wouldn't let me go to the trial—he said it was unladylike. I thought nothing more about it."

"I don't see," said the Doctor, "that all this affects the case very much; and though, for the sake of an old schoolfellow, to say nothing of yours, dear lady, I listen with interest, I cannot forget the fact that about twenty people are waiting to see me, so you will kindly spare needless detail."

"Well, a long time after that, I was going to Bournemouth with Dick, and when we were waiting on the platform—the wrong platform, Doctor—"

"It's always the wrong platform at Waterloo."

"Some men came along—Oh, such a horrid sight!—in khaki clothes with great black marks upon them, and handcuffs, and oh, so pale and ill-looking and ugly! 'Convicts,' said Dick, 'I suppose, being taken to Portland.' Then he started and said, 'By Jove! that's our burglar. Poor devil! I'm sorry for him.' So I looked, and whom do you think it was?"

"Of course, it was your admirer."

"Yes," she said eagerly, "it was Mr. Yelverton!"

The Doctor started and smiled, and, whilst she continued to talk, took down a note-book and began turning over the leaves.

The lady continued: "He looked awfully ill and wretched, and, by chance, he turned his eyes and saw me, and saw that I recognised him. He was pale before, then he looked appalling, and it came upon me with a flash that I had heard nothing of him since the burglary, and that some of our friends had been talking of his strange disappearance. Now, Doctor, you can guess why I am so wretched."

The Doctor smiled enigmatically.

"Of course," she said, "the poor man was innocent. It was very wrong and wicked for him to come to my room like a thief in the night, and I never encouraged him; but it was awfully noble of him never to explain really why he came, and to be convicted as a felon rather than say anything which uncharitable people might twist into a suggestion that I hadn't behaved as I ought. Isn't it dreadful, Doctor, to think of him suffering there, and perhaps dying, and I daren't tell Dick? He wouldn't believe me, and, if he did partly believe me, he would think I was guilty and trying to save my lover. And then he's so absurdly conscientious—he would say it was wrong for a man to suffer for a thing he hadn't done, and apply to the Home Secretary, and then there would be a scandal; and, oh, I'm so miserable!" And she began to cry abundantly.

"George Yelverton," said the Doctor; "tall, well-built, all organs sound except heart, tendency to melancholia; suffers bad fits of depression; clean-shaven, blonde, hard blue eyes, shifty mouth, good teeth. But suppose he was really a burglar?"

The pretty woman looked vexed. "Of course he wasn't! Don't you suppose that a man might run a risk for my sake?" And she looked so charming, with her cheeks flushed under the powder, that the medicine-man nodded sincerely. "Besides, a strange feature of the case was that the prisoner absolutely refused to disclose his identity, and removed all marks from his clothes in the cell, and they never found out who he was."

"But, Dick, your husband, knew."

"No, Dick had never met him, the poor fellow suffering for the sake of my character, and how noble never even to try and communicate with me! And, oh dear! what am I to do?"

The Doctor wrote some spider's-web things on a sheet of paper. "Take that to your chemist and tell me the name of your family practitioner, and come and see me this day week. Three guineas, Madam. I hope, though I am not very confident, we shall be able to set you right. Good-day!"

A week later, Mrs. Sinclair Egerton found herself again in the physician's consulting-room.

"I have good news, if slightly annoying," said the Doctor as he shook hands with his patient; "and tragical, too, yet fortunate. I went to see a friend of mine in the Home Office, whom I must not name, to talk over Yelverton's case—not yours. To my mitigated surprise, he told me that nothing could or should be done. The police had been working up the case for a long time. A remarkable feature of the trial—the reports of which I read—was that the prisoner absolutely refused to disclose his identity. You told me so, and, despite the efforts of the police, they failed to find out who he was till quite recently, when they discovered what you know already, namely, that he was George Yelverton. The information that led them to this enabled them, with the necessary powers, to make certain searches which disclosed the fact that George Yelverton had stored a large mass of jewellery belonging to ladies of social position. In fact, my dear Madam, they have abundant evidence that Yelverton, a man of brilliant 'Varsity degree, was a most dangerous and successful member of the burglar fraternity. His method of working was audacious and simple. Relying upon his great personal charms, he paid court to all the ladies known to possess jewellery of great value, and learnt from them the

nature of their jewellery and their way of keeping it." Mrs. Egerton jumped. "Sometimes he robbed a house when staying as a guest; at others, as in yours, he broke into it. In one case he was caught by a husband, who let him go when he threatened to allege that he was present by the wife's invitation. Probably, if your husband had caught him, and not the police, he would have played this game in your case; but, as it was, he had no opportunity of attempting it, and it was of vital importance to him not to disclose his real name, lest the police should be put upon the track."

Mrs. Egerton looked very crestfallen, and there was a long pause. "I suppose it's wicked for me to feel thankful that he really was a burglar, and, I suppose, Doctor, when he comes out, they will prosecute him again? Is there any risk of my name being dragged in?"

The Doctor shook his head gravely. "I told you last week that his heart was weak. I told you to-day that my news was partly tragic."

"Then he's dead?"

"Yes."

"Doctor, he may have been, as you say, acting as a burglar in most cases; but I am sure—and we women can judge such things better than you men—I am sure that in my case it was a genuine passion, even if wicked."

The physician smiled.

"At any rate, Doctor, I know I shall sleep well after this; and Dick need never know, thank God! And, oh, Doctor! I shall never be able to discharge my debt to you."

"Excuse me," he said, rising, "you can discharge your debt; it is a guinea for the second visit; and you will pardon me, I am very busy this morning; and perhaps you will tell Dick—your husband, I should say—I should like to meet him again. Oh, no, no!" he continued, smiling; "even the Spanish Inquisition could not force or induce me to tell him anything more about you than that you consulted me for your nerves, and I have made a brilliant success according to the orthodox methods of my noble profession. Good-morning!"

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

LONDON SKETCH CLUB.

CONSIDERING the conditions, the high standard of work reached in the Exhibition of the London Sketch Club, at the Modern Gallery, New Bond Street, is truly wonderful. The members meet on Friday evenings, when they proceed to put in two hours' work, generally in water-colour, on a given subject, and the amount of thought and observation that they manage to express in that short period is both creditable and surprising. The conditions are not without advantage, for they preclude the possibility of hesitation or finicking, and, consequently, whatever quality the work may lack, it has an appearance of freshness. But there are disadvantages also, and one of the chief of these is that the artificial light by which the work is done is antagonistic to a delicate perception of colour; and further, that colour schemes which look well by electricity are often disappointing by the light of day. Mr. Haité, the President, is very strong. His water-colours are full of incident and dash, and his colour arrangement is often effective. Perhaps "Windsor" is the most attractive of his works, but I do not think he is correct in making his water lighter than his sky. This, however, is probably one of the accidents due to the method of work. Mr. R. Sauber has some spirited figure subjects, and Mr. W. Churcher shows some remarkably sympathetic landscapes with interesting colour. A pleasant sketch by Mr. Spenlove represents a canal scene, with a barge, in early morning. Mr. Dudley Hardy's figures and craft by the seashore, entitled "Blow, Blow, Thou Wintry Wind," are very spirited. A pretty sketch of a barge and a sunset sky by Mr. C. J. Hobson, Mr. H. P. Clifford's "Marshlands," and Mr. J. Hassall's amusing representation of an old gentleman "After the Ball," are among other contributions that should be admired.

DOWDESWELL GALLERY.

There are few sights more alluring than that of an old-fashioned garden, with its quaint formalities, its rich turf and foliage, and its luxurious flower-beds, especially if additional character is lent to it by the presence of a peacock, and the shadows are growing long, towards evening in summer. Many such scenes have been depicted in water-colour by Mr. E. A. Rowe, who has sought inspiration at home and abroad, and are now exhibited at the Dowdeswell Gallery. In many cases, as in the representations of Hatfield and Romford, glimpses of Tudor architecture help the effect of these old-world scenes, of which the sentiment has evidently been thoroughly absorbed by the artist. His colour and detail are often very attractive, yet I think the general "tightness" of his handling might be relaxed with advantage sometimes.

GRAVES GALLERY.

Miss Rosa Wallis is also fascinated by garden scenes, but those which she exhibits at the Graves Gallery differ from Mr. Rowe's in being almost exclusively Italian. Vineyards with rich clusters of grapes, oleanders and roses, plenty of sunshine, pretty glimpses of scenery, and characteristic buildings and market-places, afford themes that will prove sufficiently seductive to those who visit this display. Miss Wallis has an agreeable method; she can use a full brush boldly, and she knows how to obtain brilliance by the contrast of transparent blue-violet shadows with the orange glare of the sun. It is a modest show, but I have seen less meritorious water-colour work by artists of far greater fame.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

THE ROYAL OPERA SEASON.

THE rumours that the opening of the Grand Opera season at Covent Garden would be delayed, owing to the Royal mourning and other causes affecting the arrangements of the Court, are now set at rest by the announcement of the date, May 13, which is, as a matter of fact, one day earlier than last year. In 1900, the Royal Opera made a good start with "Faust," on May 14. We are all longing for the enchantment of Melba's rich, dulcet notes again.

PROFESSOR VILLIERS STANFORD, M.A., MUS.DOC.,

whose new opera, "Much Ado About Nothing," is to be the chief novelty at the Royal Opera this season, is a musician of high ability, who, like so many native composers, has hardly had justice done to his abilities. Even his first grand opera, "The Veiled Prophet," was produced in 1881 at Hanover, instead of in the land of his birth. He was born at Dublin in 1852, and educated in the Irish capital and at Cambridge. Besides the opera named, he has written "Savonarola," incidental music to Tennyson's "Queen Mary," two symphonies, and some fine sacred music. Many musical amateurs are not aware that the great French composer, Berlioz, wrote an opera on Shakspeare's "Much Ado About Nothing." But Professor Stanford's score is quite of a different school from that of the gifted Frenchman. In fact, Stanford's music has humour, a quality especially demanded in such a subject. A somewhat heated discussion is now taking place in the musical world as to whether the Royal Opera Syndicate will permit the work to be performed in English. Let us hope patriotism will overcome prejudice and conventionality.

MADAME PATTI,

popular as she is everywhere, has not for some years been heard in Paris, but she has accepted an offer to sing in the French capital in May next. The rumour that she would appear in opera was quite an error, the famous prima donna having firmly declared last year that she would sing no more on the operatic stage.

MR. EDWARD GERMAN.

It is not at all unlikely that Mr. Edward German, after completing the score of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan's and Captain Basil Hood's "Emerald Isle," will write a new comic opera for the Savoy. Of his qualifications for the task there can be no doubt. Portions of "The Rival Poets," played the other night at St. George's Hall by students of the Royal Academy of Music, clearly prove that, with a brighter libretto, Mr. German might produce a capital comic opera. Mr. D'Oyly Carte has great faith in the young composer, and would be quite willing to produce a new opera of his composition. It is just possible that a libretto might be supplied by

MR. W. S. GILBERT HIMSELF.

The Sketch heartily congratulates this king of librettists on his recent escape from injury in a railway accident in Egypt, and hopes to see him restored to his former good health on his return to England.

THE ST. PATRICK'S EYE CONCERTS.

at the Royal Albert Hall, St. James's Hall, and Exeter Hall supplied a hundred thousand harmonious welcomes that drowned the memory of the late discordant notes from the Irish benches of the House of Commons.

A NON-ADMIRER OF SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Few will agree with Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland in disparaging the late Sir Arthur Sullivan in a contribution to the *Cornhill Magazine*. It is

a bold statement that the latter's operas contain "passages of vulgarity." I thought the musical public always recognised the composer of "The Mikado," "Patience," &c., as entirely free from the coarseness of Offenbach and his school. We owe him an immeasurable debt of gratitude.

A CELEBRATED FLEMISH COMPOSER.

M. Peter Leonard Benoit, died a few days since at Antwerp. In bygone days the Flemish school of sacred music deservedly stood in the front rank. Benoit wrote some fine Church-music, and an important work of his was an oratorio called "Lucifer," which the late Sir Joseph Barnby produced in 1889 at the Albert Hall. Benoit could not hold his ground in this country against such a giant as Handel, but his "Lucifer" contained much that was really fine, dramatic, and original.

MUSIC FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Some of our amateur societies are doing excellent work; for example, the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society, whose concert at Queen's Hall on the 6th inst. displayed great finish of style and admirable execution. Reber's arrangement of Chopin's famous "Funeral March" was played with great effect, also the beautiful but rarely heard Symphony of Goetz in F Major. The composer wrote a capital opera, "Taming of the Shrew," which the late Sir Augustus Harris produced at Drury Lane. The Stock Exchange Society has also a male choir of superior quality. Their rendering of a sacred work of Mendelssohn was first-rate both in tone and execution.

"RICHARD II." AT THE COMEDY.

The Benson Company seems again to have made a "hit" with "Richard II.," a piece which, though despised by some critics and neglected by managers, proves to be very interesting as presented by Mr. Benson and his admirable followers. The name-character, though one of the most unlovable in Shakspeare, is a wonderful study of weak nature, and in it Mr. Benson, acting superbly, enjoyed a triumph; from beginning to end he gave a subtle picture of the cruel, cowardly, luxurious Monarch. Throughout, the company is excellent, notable performances being given by Miss Braithwaite, charming as the Queen; Mr. Brydone, an admirable York; Mr. Weir, the Gardener; Mr. Swete, the Gaunt; Mr. Asche, the Mowbray; and Mr. Frank Rodney, the Bolingbroke. Others, indeed, might be named, since there is no weak spot in this, which is one of the best Shaksperian performances of our times. By-the-bye, though the stage of the

Comedy Theatre is small, many exceedingly interesting pictures are given of old-world life, and some very pretty effects are obtained by simple means.

"MAMMA!" AT THE CRITERION.

Dear "Mamma" has naturally grown older since she appeared at the Court Theatre in 1888, and, unfortunately, has not improved with age. She still remains a sprightly old lady with a good deal of fun in her; but at times she jokes "wi' deeficulty," and there were moments at the Criterion when the jokes fell a little flat. The foundation idea of Mr. Grundy's adaptation of "Les Surprises du Divorce" is so funny that it seems a pity the talented author has not revised his version. To a small extent it has been made "up-to-date," for the term "Rats!" belongs to the nineties, and the reference to Christian Scientists, which told well, is new. Perhaps the acting was not quite in the right vein. Mrs. John Wood is irreplaceable; but Mrs. Calvert, who presents her old part, and, as we all know, is an admirable comic actress, took her work too quietly and slowly—dash and vigour were needed rather than subtlety in this caricature of the stage mother-in-law.



MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS MALVOLIO IN HIS BEAUTIFUL REVIVAL OF "TWELFTH NIGHT," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Photo by Histed, Baker Street, W.

Miss Annie Hughes, who was present at the *première*, must have been pleased and surprised by the success of Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson, who acted the character originally played by Miss Hughes.



MISS MINNA BLAKISTON AS "LADY URSULA," ON TOUR.

Photo by Guy and Co., Limited, Cork.

member of the audience, and by the revival, as a "curtain-raiser," of Mr. T. Gideon Warren's amusing comediëta, "Allez, Houp-là!" with Mr. William Wyes as the Circus proprietor, and vivacious Miss Audrey Ford, in whom sparkles her mother's talent, as the Queen of the Arena.

THE KENDALS.

It is pleasant to learn that, though Mrs. Kendal was too ill to play more than a couple of nights of her recent engagement at the Kennington Theatre, and although Mr. Kendal himself was soon afterwards *hors de combat*, as the saying is, tidings are to hand showing that Mr. and Mrs. Kendal had recovered sufficiently to be able to appear last week at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle. Nay, more, that these ever-popular players were able also to present at that favourite Northumbrian playhouse their sometime promised new drama, written by Mr. Egerton Castle and entitled "The Secret Orchard." This drama (long ago announced in *The Sketch*) seems to partake somewhat extensively of the now too prevailing sad or sombre type. But, so that it provides Mrs. Kendal with proper histrionic opportunities, who shall complain?

"A MESSAGE FROM MARS."

Very soon will Mr. Charles Hawtrey have to transfer that wondrously but deservedly successful play, "A Message from Mars," from the Avenue, in order to make room for Mr. Herbert Sleath and Mr. Willie Edouin to produce thereat Mr. Russell Vaun's Ophidian drawing-room drama entitled "Nicandra." This play may really be called extremely Ophidian, by reason of the fact that the leading character is a lady who is half—or say, three-quarters—a Snake, just as Keats's *Lamia* and Oliver Wendell Holmes's *Elsie Venner* were. The part of the Reptilian Beauty was, when the piece was first tested in the suburbs some two years back, impersonated by Miss Alma Stanley, who had a few days before been reported dead, and thus was compelled to read her own obituary notices. These, of course, were happily of the most eulogistic character, and so—equally of course—Miss Stanley did not mind so much. At the Avenue, the Snakish Syren will be allotted to the surpassingly lovely Mrs. Brown-Potter.

Mr. Hawtrey will, on migrating from the Avenue, go, for a space, unto the Prince of Wales's. Here, after a week or so of "A Message from Mars," he will submit to London playgoers, before embarking for America, Mr. F. Anstey's new comedy, entitled (as I pointed out long ago) "The Man from Blankney's."

A NEW COMEDY.

Many months ago it was stated in these columns that Mr. Beerbohm Tree had negotiated for the production at Her Majesty's of a new and powerful comedy, written by Mr. H. V. Esmond, and entitled "My Lady Virtue." Doubtless because Mr. Tree, owing to his many big bookings ahead, cannot see his way to produce Mr. Esmond's play for a long time to come, that brilliant young actor-author has, I learn, just transferred this play to Mr. Arthur Bouchier for production in due course at the Garrick.

THE MAJORITY OF MR. WILLIE RENDLE.

son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rendle, was celebrated last Thursday night at one of the most brilliant of fêtes, at once a delightful entertainment and a marvel of skilful organisation. Gunter supplied a Gargantuan feast to some hundreds of guests on the floor of Covent Garden Opera House, and, clearing away the eight or nine long tables in half-an-hour, left the magnificent theatre ball-room free to the dancers. To the merry music of Lieutenant Dan Godfrey's band, Mr. Willie Rendle's hosts of friends danced jubilantly till the small hours. On the morrow took place the last Fancy-Dress Ball but one, and proved a crowning success to the experienced Managers, Mr. Frank Rendle and Mr. Neil Forsyth, whose recovery from his recent illness afforded general satisfaction. The spirited and enterprising entrepreneurs are to give an extra ball on March 29, and offer a score of handsome prizes for the best costumes.

MR. SAWADE AND HIS "HAPPY FAMILY" AT THE HIPPODROME.

The subjection of the brute creation to the mastery of Man is most convincingly demonstrated at the London Hippodrome by the marvellous Sawade with his troupe of performing wild beasts, which, although hailing from as far North as the Polar regions and from as far South as the tropics, yet live in happiest concord with one another; while their clever tricks and excellent fooling exhibit the amount of patient training that must have been employed. Tigers jump through hoops held by the fearless Sawade, and Himalayan bears march about on their hind-legs and balance themselves on "see-saws," while Polar bears sit on pedestals like "Patience on a monument." Then on the prostrate bodies of two lions and three tigers, placed side by side, Sawade the Great lies (without whip or any weapon) prone, amidst the enthusiastic shouts of an enraptured audience.



MISS BEATRICE FORBES-ROBERTSON, WHO MADE HER LONDON DÉBUT SUCCESSFULLY IN THE REVIVAL OF "MAMMA!" AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

Photo by Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The War-Bicycle—The Roads' Improvement Association—The Storage of Cycles at Hotels—The Packing of Cycles—The Hedge-Clipping Nuisance.

Time to light up: Wednesday, March 20, 7.10; Thursday, 7.11; Friday, 7.13; Saturday, 7.15; Sunday, 7.17; Monday, 7.18; Tuesday, 7.20.

The War Office, having at last recognised the advisability of forming Cyclist Volunteer Corps all over the country, have taken a step further, and are sending considerable quantities of cycles to South Africa for use in the operations on the veldt—if the War is not over by the time they arrive there. These particular machines have no plated work whatever, most of the parts being of gun-barrel brown. The gears are low, the pedals of rubber; one strong front rim-brake is used, and the tyres are pneumatic tandem. Of course, each machine is fitted with detachable rifle-clips for carrying the rifle when in service. Further, there is a rest attached for keeping the machine upright when the rider has dismounted. The machine has a kit-carrier over the back-wheel, and a luggage-carrier on the handle-bar. I have not seen any of these bicycles intended for "the Front," but certainly, from the description of them, they seem well qualified to undergo considerable rough service.

If any of my readers have a spare half-sovereign they do not know what to do with, I would suggest that they make a contribution of it to the Roads' Improvement Association, the offices of which are at 27, Chancery Lane, W.C. The "R.I.A." does not flaunt its merits, and yet it has done a good deal for the benefit of wheelmen by disseminating among surveyors and other folks very necessary information about the best manner not only of constructing a road, but of repairing one. Undoubtedly our roads have vastly improved since cyclists have come into existence. You can generally tell when a County Surveyor is a cyclist himself by the fact that the roads in his district are generally in much better condition than those under the charge of surveyors who are not cyclists. The services of the "R.I.A." are, however, in danger of being crippled for lack of funds, and, as it is in need of money, I make the suggestion about spare half-sovereigns. Possibly, when the Association becomes flush of money, it will be able to do something in providing us with those cycle-tracks along our main highways which during the last month or two we would have appreciated so much.

The comments I made the other week about the way the majority of hotel-proprietors think that a bicycle can be pushed into any old coach-house, disused stable, or outhouse has brought me a flood of correspondence from cyclists who complain about particular hostleries and the way these treat their customers. It would occupy a considerable part of this page if I gave the names of the hotels that are alleged to be negligent in these matters of proper accommodation. The fact is, however, that the charge applies to the majority of hotels throughout the country. There are exceptions, and whenever I come across an exception

I like to make it prominent, in the hope it may induce other hotel-proprietors to go and do likewise. The Southampton Hotel at Surbiton, belonging to Messrs. Spiers and Pond, has recently installed a perfect bicycle-stable, and this has been so successful, and has led to the house being more patronised by wheelmen than even before, that I hear Messrs. Spiers and Pond propose providing such stables in all their other establishments.

Easter is within sight, and most of us have already arranged, should the weather be fine, where we shall disport ourselves during the holiday. To my eye there floats a vision, born of sights witnessed in former summers, of railway stations crowded with bicycles that are swathed in cloth wrappings and suggestive of invalids returned from the War, or packed in big, cumbrous basket-crates. The man or woman, however, who confides his or her machine to an ordinary railway-porter, and

leaves it to the mercies of a jolting journey in a luggage-van, always seems to be inviting the Fates to do the wheel an injury. The best plan, of course, is to be independent altogether of the railway companies. But this is impossible, because we frequently want to get to country parts in quick time. Therefore, if only somebody would invent an appliance whereby one's machine could be rapidly taken to pieces and put into small compass in a case, what an addition there would be to the happiness of an ordinary cyclist's life! One firm—the Humber—certainly have made a move in this direction. They have introduced a special case wherein the Humber bicycle, taken to pieces, can be stowed away in a case only some thirty-eight inches each way. Of course, the disadvantage is taking the machine to pieces; but even this many of us would be prepared to do when we have a valuable bicycle, and want to take it with us, say, to Scotland or to Ireland.



THE COUNTESS DE LA WARR AS A CYCLIST.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

roadways with thorns for the mere purpose of inflicting punctures in tyres. The farmer has now and then a grievance against those cyclists who do not always observe the rules of the road.

The suggestion is thrown out by this writer, and it is a good one, that some endeavour be made to get farmers as a body to cut their roadside fences only on those days when the wind is blowing from the road to the fence. This would prevent thorns getting on the roadway, for, even after a careful sweeping-up, some must always remain.

Big Cycle Clubs in the provinces might further gain the kindly feeling of agriculturists if now and then they offered a prize for good hedge-cutting. The mere fact of offering the prize would call the attention of farming people to the fact, which many of them are absolutely ignorant of, that the sprinkling of the roadway with hedge-clippings is often a grievous injury to the cyclist. J. F. F.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Lincoln Handicap.

When the weights appeared for the first big handicap of the Flat Season, I picked on Harrow as the likely winner, and although the horse does not please the men of observation at Newmarket, I shall continue to favour his claims and couple him with Misunderstood in my hunt for the actual winner. It should not be forgotten, however, that last year in these columns I sang the praises of Royal Flush and Sir Geoffrey: the latter won, but Royal Flush ran his worst race of the whole year at Lincoln. Probably he may not have been quite fit. I know Harrow was very greatly fancied for the Royal Hunt Cup last year, and I believe I am right in stating that Sloan thinks him a useful animal. Whether Wishard has entirely cured him of his temper remains to be seen; the horse is fast enough to win ten Lincoln Handicaps if he is fit and will only try his best. The Americans, as a rule, make good bargains, and this may be a real good one.

The Grand National.

I am in a terrible fix over the Grand National. The animals engaged are a bad lot all round, and I feel it to be a bit beyond me to pick the best of them. I am told the Pawnbroker people have their money on at a fair average price, and, as the horse has got in the race with seven pounds less than the owner expected him to get, I fancy he will go close. Barsac, Grudon, Velox, Covert Hack, and Levanter should all get over the course, bar accidents, and the last-named is said to be a great fancy of Mr. George Edwards'. Elliman is said to be coming back to form. I made a bid for this horse previous to the race of last year, as I thought him very likely to win over this course. He may create a surprise, and, indeed, it would not astonish me in the least if he again finished in the first three.

If I had plenty of leisure, I should start business as a Turf Adviser, doing the work free, gratis, and for nothing for the good of the cause. By Turf Adviser, I mean one who would be approachable to all young men about to embark on the Turf as owners. The mentor should be a non-betting man, and he should have a good knowledge of trainers, jockeys, and especially racecourses. I have known many young capitalists throw their money away in their hunt after experience, the bulk of which might have been saved to them had they only been given the benefit of sound advice at the start of their expensive career. "Getting a mug" to buy horses may be a fine joke for some of the trainers and jockeys, but it is generally an expensive one for the "mug," who, I claim, is entitled to protection. There is a grand opening for a man of leisure and experience to act as Turf Adviser to the many young spendthrifts who are scattering their money broadcast at the present time.

No Business. The big bookmakers complain of the hardness of the times, and they contend that the winter game does not pay for the candle. Something will have to be done, and that quickly, if steeplechasing is to be continued in England. The in-and-out running seen under National Hunt Rules is a perplexing puzzle, and I think a Committee should be appointed by the National Hunt Stewards to inquire into the record of some of the horses that have been down the course one week and easy winners the next. Ignorance should be punishable as a criminal offence. If I had my way, at any rate, I would warn off any trainer who pleaded that he was unacquainted with his horses' form. As for some of the jockeys, I do not know what could be done to improve them. A course of night-school might make the honest ones clever, but I doubt whether a perfect education would turn a rogue into an honest man.

Novels. We have very few writers of really good sporting novels. True, Mr. Andrew Lang discourses delightfully on cricket and golf, and Dr. Conan Doyle and G. Bernard Shaw have no equals at describing a prize-fight; but when it comes to painting a true picture of Ascot, Epsom, or Goodwood, your high-toned

novelist soon finds himself all abroad, which will, no doubt, account for the absence of racing chapters from the works of many of the most popular writers. However, we can boast of two good men and true who are able to tackle the racecourse scene successfully. I refer to the two Nathaniels—namely, Nathaniel Gould and Nathaniel Gubbins. It is remarkable, by-the-bye, that the initials of the two should be the same. Mr. Gould, who has had a big Australian experience, is a prolific writer, and the same can be said of Mr. Gubbins, who is one of the most delightful story-tellers engaged on the Sporting Press. His style, too, is simply unbeatable.

Pari-Mutuel.

I noticed the other day in one of the advertisements of a Continental commission agent the following paragraph: "Pari-Mutuel on all French, Belgian, and German Races." This is an innovation with a vengeance, and is an argument in favour of the Mutuel. Continental sportsmen evidently know that they do not get fair prices under the old "S.-P." system, and they therefore go for the Mutuel, which cannot lie if the machine be not tampered with. True, betting by machinery has no attraction for your gambler pure and simple, who is all the time trying to cheat the market; but to the stay-at-home speculator the Mutuel prices would be much fairer than the cramped prices bookies pay over in these days, when the bookies on the course play on the short-odds principle only. Some years since, the Pari-Mutuel was tried in this country; but it did not catch on, though it would have become a great success, without a doubt, had the machine only been managed by the proper racing authorities. The Jockey Club could make tons of money by running a Pari-Mutuel for the good of the sport.



LADIES' INTERNATIONAL HOCKEY MATCH: ENGLAND v. IRELAND AT RICHMOND OLD DEER PARK ON MARCH 11. A RUSH ON THE WING BY ENGLAND, THE WINNING TEAM.

Clerks of Courses who are anxious that their meetings should be carried on at a profit ought to arrange for the telegraph-wires to be laid on to their stands. It is a remarkable fact that many little race-meetings have been killed simply and solely through a want of proper telegraphic communication with the large towns. Racecourse officials should read between the lines. If they did, they would soon see that the bulk of the betting business came to the course by wire, and, unless the "foreign" business is

available, bookmakers will not attend the meetings in large numbers. Again, the publication of a quick return in the newspapers does a meeting no end of good. The majority of the suburban meetings are, at the present time, well provided in the matter of telegraph-wires, but it is possible just now to get the placed horses very much quicker from Liverpool and Manchester than from either Gatwick or Sandown Park. The last-named meeting is the worst of the lot for getting quick results from.

Comfort.

Racing-men are a long-suffering body. As I go the rounds (in the flat-racing season more especially) nothing strikes me with so much force as the different methods of the various Managements. At some meetings everything possible is done to ensure the comfort of visitors; at others the idea seems to be to get visitors to pay maximum fees for minimum attentions. Now, I hold that racing-men pay a pretty stiff price for their sport, and therefore the accommodation should always be of the best.

CAPTAIN COE.

HOCKEY: ENGLAND v. IRELAND (LADIES).

Considerable interest was evinced in the Ladies' International Hockey match at the Old Deer Park, Richmond, last Monday week, when the English lady hockey-players followed up their easy victory over Wales by a win against Ireland to the extent of three goals to one. The successful side showed the better combination, their forwards working splendidly together throughout the game. Ten minutes from the start, Miss Phillpotts scored the first goal, but some time elapsed before Miss H. Carver added No. 2 for England, as the result of a clever shot from the edge of the circle. It was after England had scored a third goal, by the aid of Miss Phillpotts, about a quarter of an hour after the re-start, that Miss Knox notched Ireland's solitary point.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

THERE was a portentous outbreak of shamrock on fashionable coat-collars, muffs, and sable bosoms on Monday last, when the "wearin' o' the green" lost all its classic significance and the patriotically minded could sport their ancient symbol with not alone peace but honour. A change indeed from the very few seasons back when an Irish soldier wearing a shamrock sprig on St. Patrick's Day was peremptorily and despotically ordered to remove it by a narrow-minded superior. It is to Irishmen's bravery and its grateful recognition by a great and just Queen—peace to her memory!—that this old order hath been changed. But, as in everything else, the swing of the pendulum has led to an excess of complimentary zeal, and many who wore the "dear immortal" plant on Monday were anything but Milesian, though they certainly may have been in the mode. The only and original reason for wearing this badge of a Mother Country was that Irishmen, amongst whom there seems to be a special Freemasonry, might know each other. This long-despised emblem has now, by a gracious act, sprung into universal esteem. But it is no less absurd to see angelically fair Anglo-Saxons decorating their jabots with it than it would be if sympathetic Sandy ornamented his patriarchal plaid with a posy of leeks on St. David's Day. Why are we not more largely endued with that situation-saving gift, a sense of humour?

Efforts are being made by the trading fraternity to woo us out of our mourning garments, and the shop-windows present an unbroken

the blandishments of these other tones, not always with conspicuous success, and the vision of a stout and sallow brunette in Sloane Street this week imparted terrors to the reckless adoption of bright purple such as one could not have thought possible under a less sombre administration. Her face was rendered positively amber thereby, and



AUTOMOBILE COAT OF WHITE CLOTH AND BROWN SUÈDE.

front of such seductive though tempered liveliness as mauve, heliotrope, lavender, petunia, and every shade of grey under the clouds can impart. Nevertheless, we seem to cling to our sable draperies—having many of us for the first time discovered the true inwardness and beauty of black as relating to our features and colouring. A few only have yielded to



[Copyright.]

FASHIONABLE DRESS IN HELIOTROPE TAFFETA AND CHIFFON.

she irresistibly recalled the immortal Alfred Austin's summing up of Spring "with violet eyes and primrose face." Poor Spring! Only this good lady's complexion was more than merely primrose. It was tangerine!—and all because of that ill-advised Royal-purple gown.

Still apropos of dress. The little glacé silk coat which flourished in Paris a year ago, bethink you! has now at last caught the popular fancy here, to the visible extinction of all other exterior garments, and, without doubt, the epidemic of this black taffetas coatee will rage fiercely on the first provocation of fine weather. Since its advent in the shops at from two guineas upwards, however, the really modish people will, of course, discard it, and the new short-tailed coat, built of same material as skirt, is a distinctly later edition of Fashion's footsteps. Black alpaca and voile are two favourites for forthcoming mild weather, and there is a new smooth-surfaced cloth which exhibits tiny pin-points of black silk and is heralded as a *haute nouveauté*. Several versions of silk crêpes are also amongst the prophets, in the shape of newest pattern-bundles from the mill of Fashion, while our dear old friend, the flowered taffeta, in various new and ineffable designs, causes one to develop on sight an acute desire to plunge into the *grande tenue* of several elaborate afternoon-gowns. *Peau-de-soie* makes most sinuous and graceful Princess gowns, a style that is sure of a more general vogue now that the Duchess of Cornwall and York has favoured it so particularly in her Australian trousseau. It will, moreover, be necessary for everybody who takes proper pride in her wardrobe to supplement herself this season with one of the new and quite enormous

boas, either of ostrich-feather, silk, or chiffon, which mode-makers have included in the forecast of our expensive necessities. When the weather unbends its severe and rigid aspect, these boas will come as a boon and a blessing, for, while supplanting the coat, they will complete a costume without it. They are made quite long, reaching to the end of skirt; in fact, and are proportionately—some would say, disproportionately—thick. Nathless, though one's head may have somewhat the appearance of being submerged in these huge ruffles, they are "all that is of the most *chic*," and in black, white, or pale grey are possessions to be by all means negotiated for. Hats continue to come low on the forehead, and are wide in front, while tapering to a closer fit behind.

Mr. Chamberlain was in his most urbane and gorgeous manner on Thursday at the Imperial Institute when discussing the pregnant question of women's emigration. "I am not without hope," he vouchsafed, in a manner which fell little short of episcopal and sounded like a blessing, "that I may be able to give official assistance," and, indeed, the bold aims of this tiny Society, which, on an income of £85 a-year, has achieved so much during its dozen years of life, deserve all the encouragement that perspicacious British statesmen can give it. Seven thousand women have been sent out to our Colonies by the British Women's Emigration Society since 1888. Mr. Chamberlain truly pointed out that a great expansion of the Society's work in respect to South Africa especially was a consummation to be anticipated as well as desired, granting the importance of due supervision and organisation in finding homes and employment for the *émigrées* on their arrival. The British Women's Emigration Society, he added, would have every claim to be considered a proper and fitting agency should this desirable scheme expand, judging by its work in the past, which had been so effective and exemplary. "Tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands of men will when the War is over go to the building up and establishing of this new country," continued the speaker, "and a proportionate emigration of suitable women," will, it is evidently hoped, accompany the modern Adam to found his twentieth-century Eden. All of which sounds encouraging in the ears of the superfluous woman, to whom, only two weeks since, Mr. Labouchere playfully put forth polygamy, in his most delightfully *déagé* Truth manner, as the last resource of an undue preponderance of petticoats. Mr. Labouchere has his moments—scintillating with many-rayed witticisms they are, as a rule. But the Member for Birmingham has hours—whole hours—of occasional inspiration on end. And this matchless matching of future brawny Empire-makers with specially selected Eves was in its way a masterpiece of diplomatic prophecy, and should almost have as popular a hearing with the sex as would threepence off our bulging income-tax with the other hardly driven majority.—SYBIL.

THE LATE EARL OF ARRAN.

With deepest regret was it learnt in many high circles that the Earl of Arran, deservedly esteemed as a considerate Irish landlord, died on Thursday morning last at his town-house in Hertford Street, Mayfair. He was but sixty-two years of age, and was the fifth Earl. He was equally at home at White's, Brooks's, and the Travellers'. Of his three eldest daughters, one married the late Earl of Airlie, another Lord Cranborne, M.P. (Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs), and the third the Hon. F. W. D. Smith, M.P., handsome head of the great firm of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son.

The late Earl of Arran sat in the House of Lords as Baron Sudley; and his only son, Viscount Sudley, among the gallant officers in the Royal Horse Guards who did good service in the Boer War, succeeds to the peerage. A brother-in-law of the Prime Minister's eldest son, the new Peer is thirty-two, and unmarried.

MEMORIAL OF PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR.

At the instigation of Earl Roberts and Sir Redvers Buller, a fund has been started for a memorial of the brave young Prince who lost his life during the War in South Africa. It is to take the serviceable form of memorial beds in the Princess Christian Cottage Home for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors, a benevolent provision in harmony with the spirit and aims of the lamented young Prince, who always had the interest of soldiers at heart. Donations should be sent to the Hon. Organising Secretaries, Prince Christian Victor Memorial, Horse Guards, Whitehall, S.W.

The matinée at the Haymarket Theatre for the funds of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, which was postponed from Jan. 29 on account of the death of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, will take place on Tuesday, April 30. Amongst other features of a strong programme, Sir Henry Irving has again very kindly consented to appear in "A Story of Waterloo." Tickets already taken will be available.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTES.

GENERAL COLVILLE'S CHAMPION.

MR. DOUGLAS, the young Roseberyite Liberal from Lanarkshire, who moved for an inquiry into General Colville's case, is a man of silent manner and stiff aspect. His speech on the Colville case scarcely satisfied his admirers. It was too long and too preachy in delivery, and had more than one laughable anti-climax. There was capital material in it, however, and, with a little rubbing of argumentative shoulders, Mr. Douglas, D.Sc., may become a strong debater.

CLEVER CONSERVATIVES.

Plucky and chivalrous speeches on behalf of General Colville were delivered by two aristocratic Conservatives, Sir John Dickson-Poynder and Mr. Yerburch. The former was with Lord Methuen's column at the time of the Lindley disaster. He has a frank, easy, agreeable style of speech, and his pleasant manner secures a hearing for his words. Mr. Yerburch is one of the dandies of the House, and there are standing jokes as to the variety of his wardrobe. The effect of the speeches of the General's champions was counteracted, however, by a very clever defence of the Government from Mr. Winston Churchill. Truly Mr. Churchill is, even in a Parliamentary sense, the son of his father. Some of his phrases were worthy of Lord Randolph, and he showed the same instinct for an effective argument.

A STRONG MINISTER.

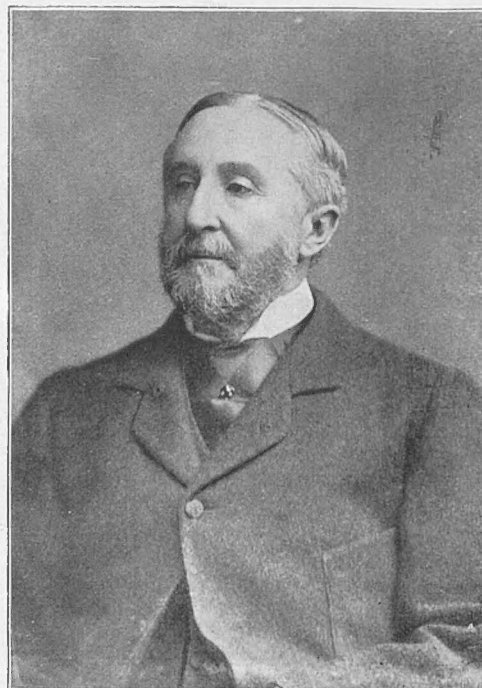
Mr. Brodrick has become almost the central figure of the Government. He surprises even his friends by his strength of purpose and his vigour in debate. If he follows his high ideal, and if he is supported by his colleagues, he will purge the Army of inefficiency and remove red-tape from the War Office. Nothing in his speeches on the Army Estimates and on the Colville case has so much impressed the House of Commons as his passionate determination to get rid of the incompetent officer, whatever may be the influences in his support. "A hard-headed, sensible, but not brilliant man," has usually been the description of Mr. Brodrick. There is nothing showy in his appearance, and he has not the glitter of a Curzon. When he stands at the table, however, and, with blows on the box, announces that he will not tolerate unfit officers in posts of command, he suggests the possibility that we have a Minister who has a strong mind of his own and who may be trusted to fight the most powerful caste in the country.

THE NAVY IN PARLIAMENT.

Although the Naval Estimates are not so colossal as those for the Army, they continue to increase. Last year they amounted to 28½ millions. They are nearly 31 millions for the new financial year. There is an increase of £1,274,900 in the vote for shipbuilding. The total number of officers and men provided for is 118,635, an addition of 3745. Three battleships and eight cruisers are included in the new shipbuilding programme, but most of the money is to be devoted to pushing forward the ships we have in hand. There are at present about fifteen battleships and nineteen armoured cruisers advancing in different stages towards completion. The Admiralty can rely upon its estimates being ably defended in the House of Commons by the new Secretary, Mr. Arnold-Forster, who has an efficient colleague in Mr. Pretyman, the Civil Lord. No doubt, the First Lord himself, the Earl of Selborne, will have opportunities of vindicating his policy in the Upper House, where he can rely upon the counsel and aid of his predecessor and friend, Lord Goschen.



THE NEW EARL OF ARRAN.



THE LATE EARL OF ARRAN.

From Photographs by Russell, Baker Street, W.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 26.

CHAT.

THE features of the last few days have been the talk of a big issue of Consols which, it is said, the Chancellor of the Exchequer contemplates, and the re-opening of some of the Rand mines, accompanied by the starting of 350 stamps.

The methods by which the War expenditure has been met have always seemed to us unfortunate, and we have not hesitated to say so; and, now that the end appears to be within what Mr. Gladstone would have called "a measurable distance," it seems as if the ideas to which we gave expression twelve months ago are to obtain from Sir Michael the seal of his approval, although in financial circles there is a certain amount of uneasiness lest the sudden demand for so large a sum as £50,000,000 may upset the trade requirements of the country. We believe such fears to be groundless.

Steadily the South African position appears to be mending, and Lord Kitchener's ability to grapple with the Boer methods is more generally recognised; but it seems clear that the re-opening of the Rand must be a gradual process, and the estimate which we made in the early part of last autumn, that there would be no considerable output of gold before June or July next, is pretty sure to be very near the mark.

Last week we gave an Illustration of the first Royal Exchange, and this week we are able to reproduce, from a rare old print, the outside view of the second of the famous buildings which have occupied the present site since the days of Queen Elizabeth.

YANKEES.

While business in the Yankee Market has tailed off pretty badly in the course of the last few weeks, it is not to be denied that the "big houses" are maintaining prices in a very laudable style. Laudable, that is, for the bulls, but whether their assistance is as praiseworthy upon the point of intrinsic merit is an open question. The British public hardly came into the market, in the ordinary sense of the word; the magnificent advance was more or less lost upon the speculative world here, no doubt to its ultimate advantage. The American financier and railway boss has had to rely upon his own people taking his shares, and he appears to have succeeded to an unusual degree. Should the Yankees begin to realise, they will find no buyers of their shares; the market on this side is too cautious to be bullish, and, unless New York can maintain its own prices, the share-list must deteriorate in peculiarly rapid style when the fall begins.

It has been so borne in upon us on this side that the United States was never before in such a state of abounding prosperity that we must come at last to some kind of faith in the statement, backed up as it is by statistics of trade which show how wonderfully fast the States are going ahead. With these facts there is hammered at us the anticipation that the American Railroads are fast approaching the solidity which characterises their brethren in our midst. The Milwaukee is our North-Western, the Louisville our Midland, and so on. This being so, we are asked to believe that prices of Yankee Rails are necessarily approximating to the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. level on which the stocks of our own lines rest, as an average. We fail to see it. The leopard can as soon change his spots as the American Railway financier his penchant for amalgamations, consolidations, reconstructions, and other methods of turning, for himself, an honest or dishonest dollar. Let the whole system of Railroad finance be purified and put on a fair basis, and we will advise old ladies to invest in Northern Pacifics or Atchison Preference. In the meantime, the market merely moves towards its coming fall.

INDUSTRIAL SHARES.

The Miscellaneous Market of the Stock Exchange continues "spotty," as the House says—that is, it is only in spots that there is any animation, other parts of the market remaining in their accustomed stagnation. Liptons are coming to the front on the idea that the company is about to issue a "baby," perhaps that American one of which so much was

heard some time ago. The Ordinary shares have enjoyed a little of their old vogue, and the Preference, mentioned by us not long since as a good investment of their class, have also improved. Slaters, after a brief and glorious jump, fell back again as soon as the market bear had bought his shares, but at $3\frac{1}{4}$ the quotation is still the fraction over the price at which we recommended a purchase. Vickers speedily recovered from the weakness that overtook them upon the announcement of a fresh issue of shares, added to the dividend of half-a-crown, which makes 20 per cent. for the year. It is quite likely that Vickers, cum all rights and dividends, are a very good "buy" at $4\frac{3}{4}$, because, despite the Carnegie Trust fears, the Government evidently mean to keep armament companies busy for some years ahead, and the orders are scarcely likely to be sent out of the country. We prefer Vickers to Armstrongs, because the market is a better one, but the latter company is doing well. In the Stock Exchange it is not known whether there may not be a good many shares still for sale on account of the late Lord Armstrong's executors. Another enterprise which is benefitting largely from the War is Spratt's Patent. Its last balance-sheet showed a growth almost phenomenal, and we may state that the trading has been fully maintained in the current half-year, although it may drop off again at the termination of hostilities.

THE KAFFIR CIRCUS.

The quiet strength of the Kaffir Circus shows itself more than equal to the depressiveness that ensues from lack of business. As we have pointed out again and again, the investing holder of Kaffirs is not a seller—has not been all through the War. At first, there were a few trembling holders who got out, but their places were quickly taken by others only too glad of the opportunity for acquiring cheap shares. In the days of darkness and scare last year, when Rand Mines went to 29 and Goldfields to $5\frac{1}{4}$, the real holders sat tight. Any broker will testify to the truth of what we say, and the lowest levels were only reached through the banging tactics of the bears, who got nicely caught for their pains. Now that the War is practically over—now that a quartette of mines has actually re-started operations on a limited scale—the proprietors who have sat on their shares for the last eighteen months are not likely to sell on the first indication of a rising market. We know that this is not the generally accepted

theory, but it seems to be a sounder one than that which says a substantial advance in Kaffirs would bring in a host of sellers.

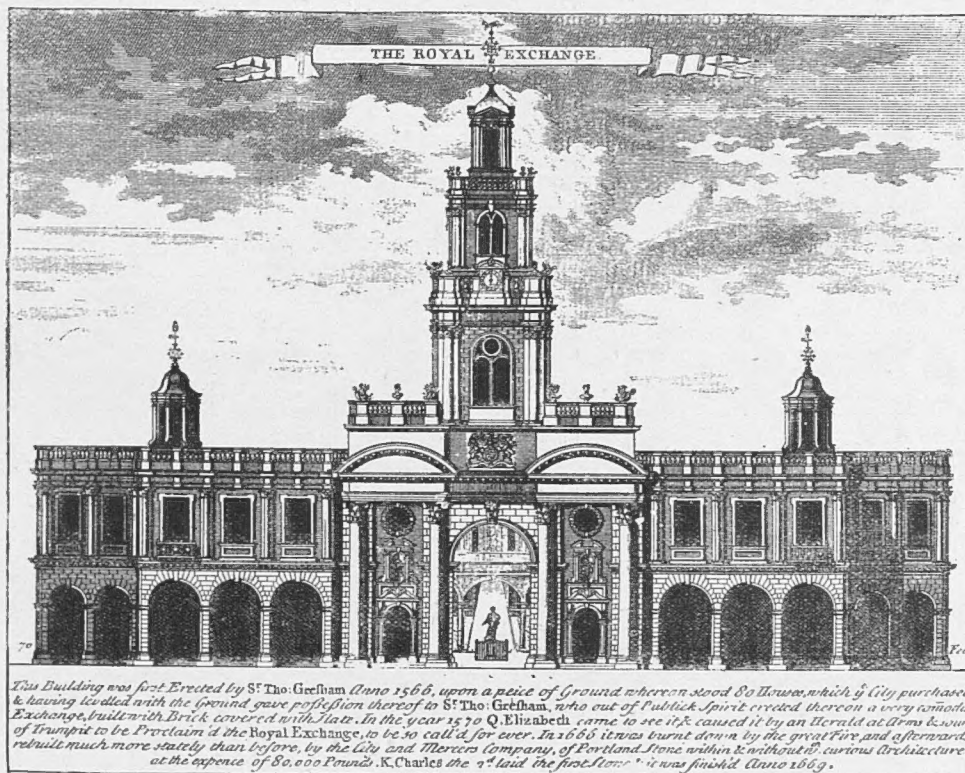
Wherefore, we see no harm in being "in" the market at the present time. The whole trend, current, impulse of Stock Exchange movement is towards higher prices. It is as though prices were eager to get away to better things, but that the restraining influences of unlooked-for mishaps at "the Front," fears of fever, and suspicions of market operators were confining them to a moderate rise.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

It is just as well that business should have begun to look up a little bit, in view of the fact that only a fortnight hence the Stock Exchange Managers will be passing round the hat for their usual subscriptions. As we are not all jobbers in Yankees, I am afraid that the demand for the annual thirty guineas will be felt by some of the younger—and some of the older—members with more than usual keenness. If, however, business should go on increasing as it has shown a disposition to do within the last week or so, the heart-burning may be lessened to some extent. Although Stock Exchange shares are at a mountainous height, they are undoubtedly worth buying, for the next turn of the screw made by the Managers will be imposed upon outsiders, and no amount of entrance-fee seems to restrain the public from romping into the House in ever-increasing numbers.

The Home Railway Market is so wonderfully and fearfully flat that one begins to ask whether the time to buy has not yet arrived. Here are Great Western standing at 143, "Brum" at 175 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Berthas at 135, with apparently every possible chance of their going still lower. Great Eastern has sunk to 103 $\frac{1}{2}$, Dover "A" to 65 $\frac{1}{2}$, and South-Western Deferred to 69, without any large amount of real stock coming out at all: the market seeming to shrivel up as though afraid of its own shadow. Dealing in Home Rails has become simply a matter of negotiation. There's not a jobber in the market who will make a close price even in Caledonian Deferred or Districts. When a man deals with a broker, he thinks himself lucky if he does not lose money upon undoing the bargain. Verily, the Home Railway Market has



THE SECOND ROYAL EXCHANGE: CORNHILL, OR SOUTH, FRONT.

From an Engraving about 1680.

become sadly metamorphosed, very sadly unlike its old vivacious self. And, with everyone calling it names, shouting, "Fie upon it!" he would be bold who ventured to say, Buy Doras or British or Midland Deferred. Nevertheless, the investor with plenty of patience and pluck, who can afford to see the dull days through, will make good money if he buys now and resists the temptation to sell should prices go against him, as it is not improbable that they will, between now and the spring of 1903 A.D. The unfortunate part of the present outlook is that traffics for the current year are mostly miserable. For the ten weeks that ended with March 10, the aggregate receipts of fifty-three railways in the United Kingdom showed a decrease of £24,385, according to the *Railway News*. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that the investor should shun Home Rails, is it? or that those who are left stale bulls of the stocks should use language that reminds one forcibly of the sultriness of—summer.

Talking about language, by the way, let me tell you the latest true story from the Post Office about a sailor who had a deposit account at a certain branch. The sailor got wrecked, in due course, and all his belongings are now lying around somewhere at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. He reported the fact to the Post Office people when he at last reached home, and those estimable people, whose official acumen is quite on a par with that of the London County Council, sent the tar a form to fill up. One of the required assertions was that he had made diligent search for his "missing" book. The sailor wrote back in his own language. The clerks to whom fell the duty of tracing the affair were ladies, and when the correspondence came to them, the final letter had been torn in half. An explanatory note was attached, which said, "The depositor's language is too profane to admit of its being circulated." That sailor will be gratefully remembered by anyone unfortunate enough to have had any dealings with the national banking institution.

Portland Cement shares are not quite unsaleable, although they are very nearly. The company must have excited a good deal of interest of the academic description, judging from the continual queries that reach the Stock Exchange asking whether the shares are not worth buying at the present quotations. The Preference are standing about 5½, while the Ordinary are a pound less, both £10 shares fully paid. Added to the other troubles of this distressful company (so manfully puffed by one of the financial papers at the time of its inception) is a strike of workmen at Frindsbury, whereby six hundred men are thrown out of work and half-a-dozen factories shut down. Under these conditions, it may be taken for granted that the Ordinary shares will either get no dividend at all or else they will get a very microscopic one. Even at 4, I doubt if the shares are anything but dear. The Preference at 5, on the other hand, possess some speculative value. It is doubtful whether they are worth any more than 5 under existing conditions; but at that price they pay 11 per cent. so long as the Preference dividend is met, and, if it should not be paid in full, there is a liberal margin left for scaling down. The Debentures have also suffered, and are under 90; but, as the return to an investor is only about 5 per cent., there is no particular turn to be made in buying them. As a long shot, however, the Preference deserve some speculative attention.

A happier name has seldom been devised for a market than "The Jungle" for the West African Mining department. But what are we to call the shares? Some of us call them Jungles, some West Africans, but neither nicely fits, and not a single good suggestion has yet been made. What a chance my Editor misses in not instituting popular guinea prize-competitions! The question is rapidly becoming urgent, because West Africans are on the eve of another revival, and perhaps before this appears in proof-corrected print the market may have started humming again. I stick to my previous suggestions that West African Gold Trusts are worth more than ½ premium, and there is a strong impression current that Gold Coast Investments should not be overlooked at round about par. Taquah and Abosso shares, now purchasable at 3½, are strongly tipped for 10, and British Gold Coast at 5 are said to be undervalued to the tune of £15. I give the gossip for what it may be worth: it is market talk, that is all; but the Taquah and Abosso tip seems the better of the twain, if either's any good at all.

The annual election of the Stock Exchange Committee is now upon us. Pursuing poetical precedent, I beg to formally announce, "in response to numerous inquiries," that the honour of being appointed Chairman of that body has not yet fallen to

THE HOUSE HUNTER.

Saturday, March 16, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

H. D. S.—We are not very sweet on the British Broken Hill shares. We are expecting a letter from our Broken Hill Correspondent shortly. He usually sends us a communication every month or six weeks.

G. D.—Your letter was replied to on the 14th inst.

CUM DIV.—The dividend for the year works out at 6½ per cent. per £100 nominal.

K. C.—You have no rights left, and no liability, if your Exploration shares were fully paid at the time of the liquidation.

H. E. A.—The Railway shares are a very speculative lock-up, but, with peace and a return of prosperity, might easily turn out well. We would rather buy Hendersons or Bechuanaland Exploration, but, then, the price is very different.

SANSON.—(1) Trunk Guaranteed or Chinese 6 per cent. Gold Bonds might suit. (2) You have lost all your rights. (3) Globe Telegraph shares or Jay's if you will risk a little to get over 5 per cent.

V. G.—Your letter was answered on the 16th inst.

VERAX.—(1) The dividends came to threepence per month. (2) No dividend was paid. We have not much faith in the price of either shares rising.

H. W. B.—The names of the brokers were sent to you on the 15th inst.

ST. CECILIA.—We think you have enough of the publishing Ordinary shares. The Preference shares of the *Lady's Pictorial* and *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic* Publishing Company at their present price of 3½ are the cheapest thing in the whole of this market. We know the company is doing well.

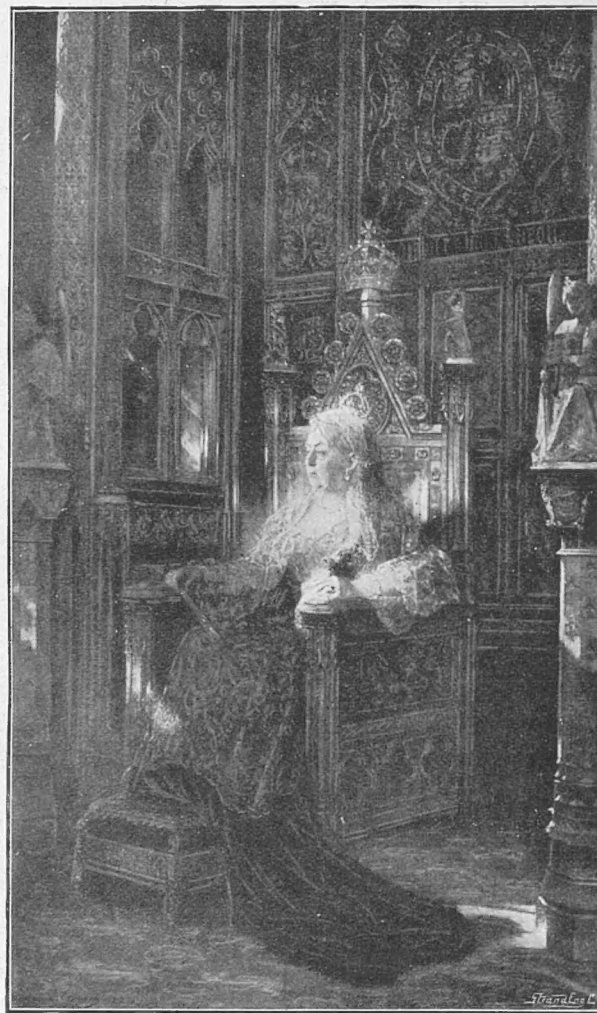
The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited.—The Directors of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, intimate that the accounts for the year's trading, ending Jan. 31, 1901, after making ample provision for all depreciations, as well as the payment of interim dividends on the Preference and Ordinary shares, and providing for the proportion of dividend due in respect of the Preference share capital from Sept. 26, 1900, to Jan. 31, 1901, enable them to declare a final dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares for the six months ending Jan. 31, 1901, making a total dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum for the year (the highest rate permitted under the Articles of Association until a reserve fund of £50,000 has been created). The sum of £13,425 has been carried to reserve, raising the total of that fund to £40,900.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAVURES.



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